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MY BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY

MY BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY

PREPARED BY

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PREFACE

MAN will not allow the idea of Immortality to die. There is something marvellous in the fact that most people throughout the ages, under vastly different conditions and opportunities, held some thought of personal Immortality. It seems rational to believe that this was a revealing of the Divine to the divine in man, lest he be blinded to a great future.

A strong belief in Immortality helps anyone to have a larger view of life, adding zest and distance to the aims and purposes of life. It is a rounding out process to man's thinking, and produces the desire to strive for courage, to persevere; for if this life were all, there surely would be more shipwrecked lives than now; less sorrow for failures; less care for living the best; for many would ask, "What's the use?" Again, it seems rational that this is the Divine way to inspire mankind to live nobly and to do the best, for it is better farther on.

Many a question has arisen in this day concerning the relation of science and religion. We are in a scientific age, and we are glad of it. Will this, however, spell defeat for religion? Are science and religion contrasted? Antagonistic? Unreconcilable?

Most intelligent people believe in religion as a force all comprehensive, all inclusive; permeating

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all experiences of life. Science, then, is included in religion, and the two are inseparable.

But in this Christian era, filled with scientific thoughts, what about the hope and belief in personal Immortality held by multitudes today? Will science ultimately prove it to be outworn and threadbare? Will people feel ashamed to believe in it, and will ministers flounder when the thought is presented to them, which they should unhesitatingly present to others? Will it be a belief which a carefully trained man cannot intelligently hold?

To help answer this question, I have gathered the material in this volume. As Mr. Babson suggests, to whom I am deeply indebted for the Foreword of this book, on any one subject, it is worth much more to have as many as sixteen eminent men contribute their best in condensed form, than to have only one man produce a volume. One man might be biased, limited, not all inclusive.

But no one can conscientiously read sixteen articles by such men as have contributed to this volume, without finding a bulwark against doubts concerning the belief in Immortality. And that is the purpose of this book—the strengthening of our belief in the subject before us, in this day and generation.

These men, too, are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, of different denominations, not all ministers, some heads of recognized schools of learning. This wide range of experience, and breadth of viewpoint, give conclusions which we cannot afford to pass by lightly.

The messages in this book will cause many a person to have to a greater degree, with George Eliot, the desire in:

"Oh may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven."

A. Avery Gates,

Hartford, Connecticut.

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FOREWORD

It is with great pleasure that I recommend the following pages for study, comfort, and inspiration. I cannot speak for preachers, but I know these are the words for which business men hunger and crave. I especially like the idea of having a symposium giving the conclusions of honest, intelligent, and far seeing men. All speak frankly and clearly, and best of all, with surety.

It may be that preachers get hardened to contentedly saying things to which the audience pays little or no attention. How a preacher can be content to discuss spiritual problems without arousing any appreciable interest and yet without having his statements challenged, is beyond understanding. The business man under such circumstances, either would insist on real recognition, or else would resign and go into some other line of business, where he would at least be treated seriously and either agreed with or disputed.

This especially applies to the subject of Immortality. Probably no one thing is more desired in the world to-day than eternal life. Every normal person instinctively craves it; the preachers blandly promise it; and yet what percentage of Protestant people

really and truly believe in it? Of course, I have no statistics on the subject, but the attitude of the average Protestant toward both life and death strongly suggests a lack of belief in eternal life.

I say Protestant people because there is an inborn belief in Immortality on the part of most Catholics. Whatever may be said against the Catholic Church, its leaders appear to have no doubt as to their belief in Immortality, and teach it with a decision and power which make a deep impression on all their followers. To what extent the Catholic faith on this and other subjects is correct is a question of serious debate amongst Protestants; but there is no doubt or even questionings in the minds of good Catholics. While Protestants *wonder*, Catholics *know*. The way Catholics act as they approach death, compared with the way Protestants act, most strikingly illustrates this fact.

Considering that at heart all men are so tremendously interested in this subject, and there is so much uncertainty thereon amongst some groups of Protestants, this book is especially timely. Most men and women would rather be assured of eternal life than of anything else. If the privilege of living for ever were marketable, it would sell at the highest figure of anything offered to mankind. In fact, were I editor of this book I should have entitled it, "What Everybody Wants Most of All." Yet here in this volume is the evidence desired and here is the "pearl of great price" for which all are seeking.

The editor is especially to be commended for his

wisdom in collecting the best opinions of others rather than being content to give his own. Furthermore, he has shown excellent judgment in his selection of men whom he has asked to contribute to this symposium. The best chosen is made up both of liberals and fundamentalists, as well as those who take an independent, impartial, and scientific view of theological questions. Some of the chapters appeal to me much more than do others; and yet I suppose that the chapters which do not appeal to me may appeal most strongly to those less liberally inclined.

It seems out of place for a layman even to express an opinion on this subject in connection with such a symposium by such able men. I would, however, like to add that I believe in Immortality, both from instinct and study. It is not logical that the spiritual life should not continue for ever, when we know that the physical elements are indestructible. Furthermore, we know that everything we do, say, or think, lives forever, and—like a stone thrown in the ocean—never stops making waves. When I temporarily lose faith or become discouraged because I do not understand things more clearly, I look up into the heavens and read my astronomy.

After becoming imbued with the tremendous magnitude of the Universe, of which this world is but a speck, I then turn to the latest study on atoms and electrons to realize that life is still going on in infinitesimally small units, as well as in big ones. With these two extreme conditions confronting me, I am content to cease questioning and trust that

somehow and, somewhere, my life also will go on for ever. Furthermore, I believe that Jesus taught Immortality as He would teach that two and two make four. It was nothing which He invented, or even discovered, because Immortality started hundreds of millions of years ago when the first spark of life appeared.

ROGER W. BABSON.

Babson Park, Florida.

MY BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY

I

THE REASONABLE HOPE OF THE CHRISTIAN

BY

Rev. Shailer Mathews, DD., LL.D.

Dean of Divinity School, University of Chicago.

Shailer Mathews was born in Portland, Maine, and received his academic training in that state, including the degrees of A. B. and A.M. from Colby College. Six colleges and universities have honoured Dr. Mathews by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, as follows: Colby College, Oberlin College, Brown University, Miami University, Oxford University, and Ohio University. Pennsylvania College conferred upon him the degree of LL. D.

From 1887 to 1894 Professor Mathews taught in Colby College. He has taught in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago since 1894, and has held the distinguished position of Dean since 1908. He was a lecturer in Newton Theological Institution from 1888 to 1890. He edited *World To-day* from 1903 to 1911, and *Biblical World* from 1913 to 1920. He was associate editor of a Dictionary of the Bible and of The Constructive Series of The University of Chicago.

I

THE REASONABLE HOPE OF THE CHRISTIAN

INDIVIDUAL immortality has not yet been proved by experiment, although there is a vast amount of material declared to establish such a conclusion. There have been few civilizations which have lacked men or women who claimed to be able to get into communication with the dead. Generally such persons were regarded as possessed of magical, if not divine powers, and they readily came to be the masters of some cult. The dangers in their influence were obvious to those who organized the Hebrew religion, because of its threat to loyalty due to the nation's God, Jehovah. Necromancy was accordingly condemned as unqualifiedly as was idolatry. Yet those who claimed this communication with the dead were none the less to be found in Hebrew society, as well as among the neighbouring peoples. In our own day spiritualism is the more or less outspoken rival of Christianity, and mediums hold public as well as private séances. Their performances are not limited to rappings and conversations with the dead while in a clairvoyant state, but extend to "materializing" the dead as well.

It is generally believed by Christian people that such phenomena are deceptions, and that the appearances of the dead are accomplished by some fraudulent means. But it should be remembered, also, that for years there has been a serious and scientific attempt on the part of reputable bodies like the "Society for Psychical Research" to test alleged communication with the dead, and that the belief in such communication has support among reputable persons like W. H. H. Myers, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Sir Conan Doyle. Especially after the World War was this belief widespread.

It is difficult to see why experiment in this field is not legitimate, if properly conducted by impartial observers and checked by every scientific precaution. But, while this much may be granted, the evidence of such communication is not convincing to those who are without predisposition to accept it. Just what the future will bring in this regard one hesitates to prophesy. Spiritualism of all sorts is so far discredited in the opinion of most scientifically minded persons that it seems hardly likely to be accepted as a legitimate field of investigation.

The other experimental evidence, if so it may be called, is to be found in the accounts of the resurrection of Jesus. The difficulty here has generally been felt to be twofold: first, and basal, the improbability of any such events as the gospels narrate; and, second, the claim that the evidence, itself, is legendary or shows signs of legendary development. The former objection is, of course, merely *a priori*, and

would have no weight if the evidence itself were reliable.

Any discussion of this reliability would carry us too far afield. One should not, however, overlook the fact that the oldest written evidence which we have; namely, the Letters of Paul, describes the resurrection of Jesus in such terms as to leave no fair question of the belief of Paul and others that they had actually seen the risen Christ. At the same time, however, they furnish no data for describing exactly what that experience was. When Paul challenges himself in the fifteenth chapter of I. Corinthians to describe the nature of the body of the resurrection, his only answer is to the effect that what the Christian may expect to experience is the substitution of a spiritual body for that which is physical and mortal. Sometimes he deals with this a little more specifically, describing the naked soul as being clothed by the spiritual body; sometimes he describes it as a process by which the physical body is quickened by the Spirit which the Christian experiences. In the absence of more specific description on the part of Paul, who was certain that he had seen the risen Jesus, free speculation may be permitted but its conclusions may be regarded as open to question.

But something substantial, after all, is left to the man who accepts the Christian view of divine and human personality; namely, he may hold not only the hope of persistence in a future life, but also the more specific hope that this life is a higher development of the human personality which is in touch

with the creative and personality-forming forces of the universe; that is, with God.

If, then, we grant the difficulties which face any attempt to place individual immortality on a scientific and experimental basis, we are left to decide whether Paul's belief in the better completed personality is reasonable.

It may be noticed that I do not raise the question as to whether immortality is reasonable because it is desired. While it is true that probably the vast majority of men and women have shrunk from annihilation, there is a not inconsiderable number of intelligent people, who, like the great scientist Huxley, shrink from what they feel forced to accept; namely, that the human personality is so far dependent on, if not the expression of, the processes of physical life as to disappear when those processes disappear as inevitably as the flame disappears when the fuel is consumed. But it is hardly enough to say that immortality is probable because men long for it. Humanity longs for continued health, but sooner or later falls victim to disease. More than that, it is probable that with most of us serious thought of immortality is rare, except when we feel that some dear one cannot possibly have perished in dying, and that the future holds some reunited friendship. If our confidence in the message of Christianity has no broader and firmer basis than human desire, it can hardly withstand the assaults of those who positively deny it to be tenable on the ground of science.

Nor is the Christian hope identical with some

expectations of the future life which are more or less common. Among these are the biological, or that of the continued existence of the parent in the child; the social, or that of the continued influence of persons in the contributions they have made to a continuing social experience. Nor is it identical with the crudest of all substitutes that immortality promised by eugenics. It must be, of course, frankly admitted that no expectation of anything which lies outside the area of experiment can be held if it is clearly contradictory to what we know to be a fact. But certainly it is extremely naïve on the part of the physiologist to believe that he has ended belief in immortality by dissecting a corpse. Who could expect to find evidence of immortality in such a quarter? Why should we seek the living among the dead? Certainly the surgeon who deals with the living human body finds plenty of personality, else why should he use anesthetic, or, indeed, undertake to calm the fears of those whose bodies he is to make the subjects of his operations?

Any positive disproof of immortality must wait on the discovery that the human personality is an outcome of chemical and physical activities. No surgery will discover love of beauty or of justice, and no one would deny the presence of those virtues in a human person. If we cannot by experiment find virtues in a living person, we are certainly not in a position to say, by experiment, that they do not exist.

We are, therefore, in the case of personal immortality, really forced back upon the question whether

this Christian hope is consistent with that which seems to us to be the tendencies in the history from which humanity as human beings has emerged.

As regards this, it is not probable that the old argument of Socrates and many others that the soul existed before birth without a body and therefore can exist after death without a body will command assent. That is simply to answer one difficulty by reference to one still more difficult. For if we had the choice between the logical difficulties of proving the probablity of the pre-existence of individuals and the probablity of the future, *post-mortem* development of personality, the former would seem to me to be the more difficult task. Of course, if it really established the existence of souls, we should have established a premise which could be used in defense of immortality. But who makes such a claim to-day?

I am not sure but a metaphysical argument may lie in our knowledge of the nature of matter. Certainly we can no longer claim that the materials of which our bodies are composed are dead matter. If physicists have made anything plain it is that the vanishing point of matter is activity, characterized by something akin to reason and purpose. There is nothing solid, in the popular sense of the word, in an atom, which seems to be a vortex or undulation of force, itself. If, however, matter is to be interpreted exclusively from the point of view of the physicist who deals with it to the exclusion of all else, any conclusions will be a description of a universe in which there is no man. But that is not the universe in which

we live. Mankind has come from the universe, and the presence therein of personality-producing forces with which men can enter into personal relations seems to be an inevitable conclusion. Furthermore, the description of that process seems to be inevitably that of a combination of progressive, genetically connected recombinations of ultimate elements of matter ever increasingly capable of living in personal relations with the universe. Whatever else a human being is, he is not a crystal, limited to such reciprocity with the universe as limits crystalline structure. The whole history of religion and of man's association with man is one of increasing reciprocity which makes what we call personality develop into evermore perfect personality.

But naturally such speculation carries with it so many difficulties that it can be expressed only tentatively. At the same time, its tendency is in the direction of the support of the Christian position, for it supports a hope like that of the Christian. The development of personality is decreasingly dependent upon physical inheritances and increasingly dependent upon such action of whatever we may be composed, as gives rise to timeless qualities such as the abstract virtues (which are anything but abstract), like justice, courage, love, those powers of the soul that enjoy beauty and those other even more supreme powers which enable us to organize life for predetermined ends. The evolutionary process is not resulting in genera and classes, but in individuals. It is true that there is devolution and apparently a change

from the more complex to the less complex. But in the stream of genetic change through which humanity has evolved, it seems indisputable that the movement has ceased to produce marked physical change of organisms, and has taken a direction which, for lack of a better term, we have called spiritual. Now the chief characteristic of the new line of development is the production of activities which are not quantitative, in time or space, but qualitative and timeless. Such a result might be expected within a universe that is limited by neither time nor space.

The basal question for man, therefore, from the point of view of evolution, is religious. Existence like that of crystals is dominated by relations with the universe which are both spacial and in time, and we could not expect to survive the cessation of these relations. But such existence not conditioned by time and space may be regarded as being in such relationship with the coördinating and unifying timeless forces of the universe as to share in their qualities.

This is to say in quasi-metaphysical language what the Christian religion states in terms of experience. The real difference in men, according to Christianity, lies in the relative predominance of the timeless—*i.e.*, the spiritual—elements in life. Where such predominance actually exists, as in the experience which Paul describes as life in the Spirit, it is rational to believe that forces which have produced an individuality partially free from what is in time and space (like the body) are continuing to affect a personality which is coöperating with themselves. This is

akin to the Pauline doctrine of the resurrection. Flesh and blood, the apostle claims, cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. The eternal life of which John speaks and the Christian religion has heralded is something more than a resuscitation of the body. Even the naïve thought of the early fathers affirmed that the flesh to be raised was other than the flesh which was buried. The more intelligently we understand the nature of the human personality as something more than its animal inheritances, the more reasonable does such a hope of new development appear.

Of course, no one knows precisely what this advancing and evolving individual will be like. We only hold that it is reasonable to hope, as Royce says, that "this mortal must put on individuality." With this hope we endeavour to organize our life so that its dominant elements shall be those qualities which are outside of space and time. Our imaginings as to the future life will be coloured by what seems to us to be most beautiful in our lives. To the savage it was the unrestricted enjoyment of the things which seemed best to the savage. To the Christian it is the unrestrained enjoyment of those qualities which we see embodied in Jesus. For human beings in some sort of relations with the timeless and personality-producing forces of the universe, there is always the adventure of more perfect union with them. So, though we indulge in no pictures as to the future we find no convincing argument against the Christian hope. For it is more than the projection of present human

relations beyond the stage of physical life. It involves a new development of the timeless individuality made possible and more perfect by dependence upon and reception of those personal qualities of the universe which are in themselves timeless.

If we lived in a dead universe, or a static universe, or a universe not instinct with those personality-producing forces we reverently call God, such faith would be impossible. But such knowledge as we have forces us to reverent assent to the saying of Him who brought life and immortality to light, that God is not a God of the dead but of the living. And if of the living, then of the ever-developing personal elements within human life.

II

THE OLDEST QUESTION IN THE WORLD

BY

Rev. James Gordon Gilkey, D.D.,
Minister of South Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass.

Rev. James Gordon Gilkey, D. D., minister of South Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass., since 1917, was born in Watertown, Mass., and received his A. B. degree and A.M. degree from Harvard University; his B.D. degree from Union Theological Seminary, and the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Colgate University. He was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1916, and served the Bryn Mawr Church in Philadelphia for one year; from there he was called to the important charge which he now holds. He is also Professor of Biblical Literature at Amherst College since 1923. He is College Preacher at Harvard, Princeton, and The University of Chicago.

II

THE OLDEST QUESTION IN THE WORLD

"The oldest question in the world"—what is it? Perhaps this incident will tell you. A physician is writing in the *Atlantic Monthly:* "I used to think that the strongest thing in life was the desire to live. Then one day I saw, for the first time, a man actually die. He had been badly hurt and had suffered for days. I went into his room just as we thought he was growing better. It was very quiet there. He was not moaning any longer, and there was a smile on his face. 'It's easier now,' he said. Then he looked at me. 'Your face is dark.' Then he raised his hand and stared at it with a puzzled expression. Suddenly his hand dropped, and he was gone. Dead, with a smile on his face. Then I realized it was easy, after all." Where had that personality vanished? Where did it come from originally? Now you are verging on the oldest question in the world. It is this: What is a human personality?

Just now many people are offering a simple answer to that question. They say to us, and they bring many bits of evidence to support their contention, that a

man's personality is only a curious product of his physical and mental machinery. They explain their theory in some such way as this: "The human body and brain form an intricate mechanism like a dynamo. When the mechanism moves slowly and with poor inner adjustment, no bright spark of personality is generated. This is the situation with tiny children. Their body-brain machine is not yet adjusted, and its wheels are not moving at the proper speed. No current of consciousness is developed. But within a few months the mechanism adjusts itself and gains momentum. Gradually the personality emerges as a result of the process. The child begins to think, act, and form definite purposes. He is a person rather than a mere mass of nerve and bone and tissue. His spark of personality will glow just as long as body and brain are in proper working order. When the physical processes slow down—as in sleep—the personality fades. When these processes are interrupted—as in serious illness—the personality loses its familiar aspect. Death? Death means that the dynamo has worn out and stopped. And of course the precise spark it once generated vanishes forever." There is modern materialism—neat, clever, apparently convincing. Thousands of people to-day accept it as their answer to the riddle of human life. They accept it largely because no alternative theory which satisfies their common sense has been presented to them. And accepting this materialistic theory, they proceed to gain what satisfactions they can—noble or ignoble—out of the flying years, and

wait stoically the arrival of death. Probably that is the inner attitude of thousands of the people.

I shall walk down the road,
I shall turn and feel upon my feet
The kisses of Death like scented rain.
For Death is a black slave with little silver birds
Perched in a sleeping wreath upon his head.
He will tell me—his voice like jewels
Dropped in a satin bag—
How he has tip-toed after me down the road,
His heart a glad whirlpool with longing for me;
Then he will graze me with his hands.
And I shall be one of the sleeping silver birds
Between the cold waves of his hair as he tip-toes on.

Suppose this is your attitude toward life and death. Do you realize what conclusions follow from your theory? The denial of personal immortality is only one. If you follow your theory to its logical end, you must also conclude that existence is a cruel joke played upon you by forces wholly beyond your control. Here you are, driven by conscience and ideals and a fundamental sense of decency to master your lower nature and make what fine use you can out of your higher powers. But if this personality on which you are spending so much effort is to vanish with your body, what a fool you are! When your body finally gives way—and that may happen any time—all these spiritual achievements will vanish like pictures drawn in the sand, or statues laboriously shaped out of snow. Your hopes and ideals, your conscience and your sense of decency, are making

sport of you. They are, as Dr. Fosdick suggested, impelling you to sew diamonds on tissue paper. Not a very sensible way to spend one's life! But even that is not all. If all trace of personality vanishes with the breakdown of the body, then the whole process of evolution is destined to reach a tragic and essentially stupid end. Nothing will be left from all travail and struggle of the ages. According to the materialistic theory, all trace of previous generations has now been wiped out. The men and women living to-day are the sole human resultant of all that has gone before. When those men and women die, their children will be the one thin line of life drawn up against the vast forces of Fate and Death. Suppose now some cosmic disaster, such as cooling of the sun, overtakes a distant generation. A scientist draws this picture of such an event: "One is tempted to imagine a race of super-men some millions of years hence, grimly facing the issue of extinction as the sun's heat wanes. Probably, long before that time, science will have solved the problem of the source of the sun's heat, and will be able to foretell exactly when the radiation will sink below the level necessary to maintain life. Then will begin the greatest drama of all time—the last stand of little humanity against the brute forces of the physical universe. The hovering demons of cold and darkness and death will be fought off for a time with scientific devices of which we have not yet the germ of a conception." But what will be the outcome of that final battle? The sun will flutter out, the glaciers will creep back down the mountains, and the

last relics of human life and achievement will be buried a mile below the glittering ice. If, in that ultimate moment, human personality vanishes with the human body, what will be left as the net result of ages of evolution? Only a dead and frozen world.

> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
> And like this unsubstantial pageant faded
> Leave not a wrack behind.

What an insane scheme of things!

If that theory of life ends in an impasse, is there any other theory which we can follow? Some of us are sure there is. Let me outline it by borrowing an analogy from the radio. I am standing here and creating curious sounds which we call words. Moment by moment I create fresh words to express the ideas and purposes within my mind. Those words are caught by the microphone, transferred to a broadcasting station, and then sent forth into space as vibrations in the invisible ether. Radio engineers tell us they go in every direction, darting at inconceivable speed to the very boundaries of the universe. Here and there in that vast sphere the vibrations come upon little instruments called receiving sets. Those instruments have the power of absorbing the ether vibrations which come to them. Through those receiving sets the words broadcast into the universe gain audibility again. Of course the accuracy and fulness of that reproduction vary with

different receiving sets. Sometimes the ether vibrations are picked up by a set that is poorly adjusted or inadequately energized. Then the words that are broadcast in perfect clearness "come through" in broken or uncertain form. At other times and in other sets the ether vibrations find perfect reproducing mechanism. Then the very quality of the voice, the very individuality of the speech, re-emerge with startling clearness in that far-off place. Do these different radio sets scattered here and there create the words that echo from them? Obviously not. The radio set is merely the local device through which they emerge into audibility. The message exists independently of any or every receiving apparatus. Would the destruction of your little set annihilate the words? Certainly not. The words would still move invisibly in space, searching for some other radio set through which they could find expression. These facts would have seemed the merest nonsense five years ago. To-day they are recognized as sober and demonstrable truth by thousands of listeners. What if this is a picture of God's relation to our world, His creation of human personalities? Some of us are convinced there is a Living God at the heart of things. We conceive of Him as a Source of eternal and exhaustless life. He is, we feel, forever creating fresh personalities and sending them down into this world of ours. Each one—perfect as it comes from Him—throbs with a spark of His wisdom, His life, His power. Here in our world there are curious organisms called bodies and brains which have the power of

taking up these unseen personalities and giving them a medium of expression. Sometimes the body and the brain are so perfectly adjusted that the eternal self within can find clear utterance. Sometimes there are false tunings and defective energies, and that inadequate physical and mental apparatus almost stifles the divine personality. You say your body and your brain created your self? Nothing of the kind. God created your personality, and through your body and your brain it finds expression in this far-off world of ours. You say the break-up of your body will mean the utter destruction of your self? Certainly not. It will merely mean that another mechanism must be set up—sometime and somewhere—through which the eternal personality can once more speak and act. You have given up faith in immortality? Look at your radio set. Perhaps there is the clue to the mystery of life and death.

Grieve not, beloved, that nevermore for me
The wreath of silver shall to gold return,
Nor on the hills my feet be swift and free,
Nor in my cheeks May's rapturous roses burn;
Grieve not that I grow weary all too soon,
That my voice falters like a child's at dark:
The body changes as the changing moon,
Who cares what feathers clothe the meadow-lark?
My soul, unchanging, shall be strong to dare,
To live and love and in God's world to sing;
I am as ageless as the vibrant air,
I am eternal as recurrent Spring!

Suppose, now, as you see these two contrasting theories side by side, you would like to believe the

second one. Suppose you would like to feel that you had embarked on an endless life, and that on the other side of death—as on the other side of to-night's sleep—you will find another world of life and love and opportunity. Are there any facts in our present experience which bear out such an encouraging theory? Is there any evidence pointing in this happy direction?

Here is an interesting passage from a recent volume by Professor J. Arthur Thompson, one of our greatest modern authorities on natural science: "One who knows the facts about the various forms of organic life would think that a normal human being would find it impossible to take a cold-blooded view of the universe. Life expresses itself all about us in multitudinous forms—ranging all the way from the invisible microbe to the gigantic whale, and from a beetle less than one hundredth of an inch long to a jellyfish trailing thirty feet in the sea. There are over twenty-five thousand backboned animals known and named, and over a quarter of a million without backbones. In a single bucket of water drawn from the open sea there may be more specimens of one species of marine life than there are stars visible in the sky. Furthermore, life seems to press its way into every nook and corner of the world. We find some animals at an altitude of ten thousand feet on Monte Rosa, and others in an oceanic abyss six miles below the surface. The briny waters of the Great Salt Lake have two or three different kinds of living tenants.

Some of the dwelling-places of living creatures are almost incredible. We find spiders spinning their webs inside a Pitcher Plant, and we find rich micro-fauna and micro-flora under fifteen feet of ice on the edge of the Antarctic continent. We might think that the floor of the deep sea, miles below the surface, would be a very inhospitable haunt. Eternal winter there, an utter darkness save for fitful gleams of phosphorescent light, and all the time an enormous pressure of many tons to the square inch. Yet even that region is tenanted by a great variety of living creatures—well adapted, vigorous, and beautiful."

What is the conclusion which seems to follow from facts like these, facts recognized by every intelligent person to-day? It seems to be that this universe of ours is no dead, mechanical thing like an intricate clock-work. These innumerable forms of life are no occasional and curious by-products of the whirring of lifeless wheels. Rather, our universe seems to be teeming with life, saturated with vitality. It is as though some vast river of life were for ever sweeping below the surface of things, bubbling up in numberless springs and fountains wherever a crevice or cranny opened. It is as though a vast and living light surrounded this tiny dwelling we call Earth, and through innumerable cracks and translucent openings forced its way into our darkness. Here is the interpretation of the universe made by hundreds of scientists, philosophers, and poets to-day. They picture it as

alive, not dead. Permeated with a strange vitality expressing itself in numberless forms. Even you and I—tiny humans as we are—feel the throb of a divine and eternal life within.

Though I am little as all little things,
Though the stars that pass over my tininess are as the sands of the sea,
Though even in a city of men I am as nothing,
Yet at times the gift of life is almost more than I can bear:
I laugh with joyousness, lift praises for the very breath I breathe.
How soaked the universe is with life!
Not a cranny but is drenched!
Ah, not even I was overlooked.

The theory of immortality we have been elaborating does not rest on pure fancy. It is a reasonable conclusion drawn from the facts.

Once we begin to interpret existence in this way, a great many hitherto puzzling facts slip quietly into place in a unified scheme of things. We see, for instance, that the strange and sometimes tragic differences between people go back to differences in the physical and mental mechanisms through which perfect personalities are trying to gain expression. Do you remember the exquisite sentences in which William James offered this theory as his explanation of life? "Suppose the whole universe of material things should turn out to be nothing but a mere veil, hiding and keeping back the genuine realities? Such a supposition is not foreign to common sense nor to

philosophy. Suppose the whole world of our experience is merely a mask, refracting the one Infinite Mind into those millions of finite streams of consciousness we know as our private selves.

> "Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity.

As the white radiance comes through the dome, all sorts of stainings and distortions are imprinted on the light-rays by the vari-coloured glass. Just so the Life-of-all-souls breaks through our mental apparatus, and enters this world with all the imperfections and queernesses that characterize our individualities fastened upon it."

God wants some people to have defective and broken lives? Certainly not! The dim and broken glass is a tragedy for the pure light-ray and its distant Source. But sometime, somewhere, the light will shine at last through a perfect medium. The thwarted personality will have its long-awaited chance.

Here, too, is a satisfying explanation of those moments of insight which we all have, moments in which ideas and ideals come to us which eventually change the whole trend of our years. In those moments—real if anything in life is real—the mechanisms of body and brain gain a temporarily perfect adjustment, and messages from the Source Beyond break through in clear utterance. Do you remember the lines in which Matthew Arnold described such moments of insight?

Through the deep recesses of our breast
The unregarded river of our life
Pursues with undiscernible flow its way:
Yet still from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne,
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs and floating echoes . . .
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again:
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
An unwonted calm pervades his breast,
And then he knows
The hills where his life rose
And the sea to which it goes.

No valid reasons for making this interpretation of life? But where is there any other interpretation that will bring so much order into the chaos of experience? Where is there any other that will make life so truly worth living? Granted this is the interpretation offered by hope. May not hope be quite as trustworthy a guide as fear?

To some all this has an immediate and practical application. You have found life at times wretchedly unhappy. Try as you will, you cannot throw off a grim sense of defeat and depression. Do you know what the real source of your unhappiness is? Look into the depths of your mind and you will find a tragic group of fears—fears that have plagued innumerable men and women in the past. You are afraid that you have missed your real chance in life, and that you may never get another. You are afraid that something may happen in the days ahead to

wreck all the plans you are trying to carry through. You are afraid that sometime you will lose the friends you love dearer than your own life. How could you live without them? How could you get through the years alone? Worst of all, you are afraid of Death. What is it, anyway? What lies in that secret world beyond the shadow? Here are the sources of your unhappiness, your tension, your feeling of anxiety. Your fears are to blame.

How can you rid yourself of those fears? I have just been telling you the way. Take, here and now, this new interpretation of life. Begin living on it, hour after hour, day after day. You are afraid you have missed your chance and may never get another? Nothing of the kind! Your personality is as eternal as God Himself. You have just begun to live and grow. The opportunities you missed ten years ago are nothing compared to those that will emerge in the unending years ahead. You are afraid that something tragic may happen this year, snatch away your strength, finally take your very life? But wait, think. Nothing can take away your life. It is as eternal as God Himself. Fate and Death may interrupt your achievement. They never can halt it permanently. You are afraid you may lose those you love? That you and they may be separated? Listen. "Underneath thee are the Everlasting Arms." Eternal Love surrounds us and all those we have loved and lost a little while. We can trust that Love to bring us all together again . . . sometime, somewhere.

III

THE LIFE ETERNAL

BY

Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D.D.
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Rev. Charles Edward Jefferson, D.D., LL.D., minister of Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, since 1898, was born in Cambridge, Ohio, and received his B.S. and A.B. degrees from Ohio Wesleyan College. He received his S.T.B. degree from Boston University, and Doctor of Divinity degree from the following schools of learning: Oberlin College, Union College, Yale University, and University of Vermont. Ohio Wesleyan and Miami University conferred upon Dr. Jefferson, the degree of LL.D. He was ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1887, and previous to his present pastorate, he was minister of Central Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass., for eleven years.

III

THE LIFE ETERNAL

"I go to prepare a place for you." —John 14:2.

We live in a world crammed with uncertainties, but there is one thing which is certain—we shall die. Not one can escape. "It is appointed unto men once to die." There is one thing we can count on, death. It will never disappoint us. Through one experience we must all pass—the experience known as dying. There is one cup of which we all must drink, one door through which we all must pass, one goal at which we must all arrive—the grave.

There is, therefore, one question which we all must face, "Shall we live beyond death?" It is a question of perennial interest. It has haunted all the generations, and it never loses its charm. It excites the fancy of youth and puzzles the mind of old age. The philosopher ponders it in his study, and the peasant thinks of it now and then at his work. We can banish it for a season, but it comes back again. We can, by strong effort, turn our back upon it; but some day when we are unaware it will face us again: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

The question is as new to-day as it was on the day

it was first propounded. It has always received two answers, and it receives two to-day. Multitudes say "Yes." There are many who say "No." Some say "No" with sadness, and others with joy. Their "No" is a guess. They are not speaking from knowledge. They have no solid grounds for their answer. What they say is a conjecture. They may speak with dogmatic assurance but their "No" is only a guess.

A notion is abroad that science has in some way or other damaged the belief in the immortality of the soul. Many young people have come to think that belief in the survival of the soul after death is no longer credible. In a scientific age it is supposed to be unscientific to cling to a belief which gave comfort to generations not so enlightened as ours. But science has not disproved the doctrine of life after death. Science knows absolutely nothing of what goes on after death. Science has discovered nothing in the heavens above or on the earth beneath which invalidates the belief that man lives after death. Science has ransacked the universe in search of knowledge, but not one scrap of evidence has she thus far discovered to prove that death means extinction.

The way is open to-day, as it has been from the beginning, to cherish the expectation of living beyond the grave. As with all the other great doctrines of religion, we are free to accept or reject this one. Which attitude we adopt depends entirely upon ourselves. There is no force to coerce us to go in either direction. Whether we live after death or not

is a question of fact, and to ascertain what is the fact should be the desire of every earnest mind.

We are rational creatures, responsible for our conclusions, and we should not allow ourselves to be swayed by prejudices and superstitions, or to be hoodwinked by fallacies, or to become the victims of our fancies and whims. Life after death is not doubtful because some people doubt it. Everything can be doubted, even the rotation of the earth. It is no disparagement to the doctrine of life everlasting because arguments can be brought against it. Arguments can be brought against every proposition. Arguments must be weighed, evidence must be sifted, conclusions must be reached by the fearless and honest use of the reason. If we believe that personality survives death, we ought to be ready always to give an answer to every man that asks us for a reason of the hope that is in us. A belief without a reasoned foundation is a belief in danger of collapsing. If we believe that we are going to live after death, we ought to be able to furnish reasons to the man who is in doubt.

Many persons believe in life after death because they feel they cannot die. This is a powerful reason for those who possess the feeling. The feeling is widespread, but it does not exist in every heart. The majority of human beings in every land and time have believed that if a man die he shall live again. This is a fact of great significance. That millions of human beings through many centuries should go on believing in another world into which men pass

at death is a phenomenon which cannot be ignored lightly. Phenomena which are ubiquitous and persistent have great weight with scientific investigators seeking to arrive at reality. If man does not survive death, then the human race has from the beginning been the victim of a delusion, a delusion, however, which has worked beneficent results. It is not easy to conclude that a belief which is false will, through thousands of years, satisfy the mind and nourish the heart. That man normally and habitually believes in life after death is one of the reasons which a Christian is justified in giving to all who ask a reason for the hope that is in him.

But what of the man who does not feel he will live after death? Some persons feel that death means annihilation. They have no desire to survive. The idea of continued existence is abhorrent to them. They long for an eternal sleep. They stand appalled at the thought of all the innumerable human beings who have inhabited our planet living on forever in other worlds. They count it presumptuous, a piece of arrogant egotism, to expect to live forever.

What shall we say to these people? They have no feeling or desire to live on, and so we must furnish an argument forged in the fires of the mind. We must look at the question in the light of our conception of God. Our God is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The question with which to begin is: Can God, being the kind of God He is, create a being such as man apparently is, and after a space of a few years blot him out forever? God is infinite

in wisdom, and it is difficult to see the wisdom of creating man at such a vast expenditure, if man is only the creature of a day. God is infinite in love, and if He is indeed the Father of all men, it is not easy to believe that He creates children only to destroy them. If the grave is indeed the end, we are put to permanent intellectual and moral confusion. It is hard to retain our grip on any moral values if death ends all. Both God and man in that case must be less than we are able at our highest to conceive them.

We may rightfully suspect any theory of life which cuts the nerve of noble action. Take away the belief in life after death, and there is not much to live for. If in this life only we have hope, then we are indeed most pitiable. We are like children building sand houses on the shore, which the inrushing tide in a few hours will sweep away. We have no right to accept any interpretation of the universe which leaves us impotent and in despair. Those who believe in life after death are building not on feeling only, but on reason also. They use their heart and their intellect likewise. If we are to retain our belief in the kind of God revealed in Jesus Christ, we are constrained by the imperative demands of the reason to reject the notion that God created us only to deceive us by false hopes for a few fleeting years, and then allow us to perish.

The arguments of our mind and heart are immensely strengthened by the words of Jesus. His heart was the purest heart which ever beat; His

mind was the healthiest mind which ever thought; His vision was the clearest vision of all the sons of men, and when He approaches the subject of life after death, His mind is without a doubt. There is no trace of wavering in His thought. He does not deal in surmises and conjectures. He speaks out the things He *knows*. He does not argue, He affirms.

He knows that in God's big house there are many rooms. This earth is only one of them, and out of this we pass into another. "I go to prepare a place for you." He was always frank and fearless. If death is the end, He would have said so. He never flinched in the presence of a fact. The darkest facts He faced without a tremor. He was devoted to His friends. He was ready to lay down His life for them. He wanted them to know the truth. He would not have allowed them to hug a delusion.

Sometimes in our dreams and hopes, we have moments of misgiving. Life in this world is so mysterious, and the clouds hang so dark and heavy, that our hearts faint within us. But in Jesus Christ there was no misgiving. Of life after death He was unwaveringly certain. In the face of death, His confidence remained unshaken. He had no fear of death because He knew how it was coming out. He did not hesitate to ask men to give up their lives for Him, for He knew just what death could do. In this He differed from all the wisest and noblest of the ages. Socrates was a good man—one of the greatest and noblest of the Greeks. He believed in immortality, but was not sure of it. On his last day he argued.

Jesus Christ affirmed. Socrates was in search of knowledge. He was a philosopher, and by argumentation he struggled to arrive at the truth.

Jesus was the Son of God and He revealed to men facts that they could not find out for themselves. He brought life and immortality to light. Life after death had been a hope, a dream, a brave surmise. He made it a glorious certainty. "I go to prepare a place for you." There was not a quaver in His voice, not a question in his heart. He spoke only what He knew. He knew that man after death lives on—"*I am the resurrection and the life . . . Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.*" It is because we believe in our hearts that Jesus lived and died and rose again, that we can say with St. Paul: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory!"

Jesus Christ has told us the things which are of supreme importance. He has told us that death is not the end, that He has gone to prepare a place for us, and that we are to be with Him where He is. The world beyond death is a world in which the love of Jesus dominates every heart, and the will of God is forevermore supreme. Is it not enough to know that infinite love has foreseen our coming, and has made provision for all our needs?

IV

BEYOND THE VEIL

BY

Dr. Clarence A. Barbour
President of Rochester Theological Seminary

Doctor Clarence Augustus Barbour, President of Rochester Theological Seminary and Professor of Homiletics since 1915, was born in Hartford, Conn., and was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1891. He holds an A.B. degree from Brown University and the degree of Doctor of Divinity from University of Rochester, Brown University, Williams College, and Colgate University. Also the S.T.D. degree from Syracuse University and LL.D. degree from Denison University. He was minister of Lake Avenue Baptist Church, Rochester, 1891 to 1909.

IV

BEYOND THE VEIL

Mr. Frederick Myers says that at Cambridge, on the evening of a rainy day, he was walking with George Eliot. Their conversation turned upon the three significant themes: God, and immortality, and duty. George Eliot held that the first was inconceivable, the second unbelievable, the third peremptory and absolute. We do not know upon what grounds she pronounced immortality to be unbelievable. That which is believed, and which through all ages has been believed by the overwhelming majority of the human race, can hardly be pronounced unbelievable. By far the greater proportion of men have hoped for and expected a world beyond the veil. There is hardly a religion known to us in which a future life does not form part of its belief.

Our natural instincts are against the denial of immortality. It is hard, if not impossible, even for a child to believe that the dead are no more. Wordsworth has shown us with beautiful simplicity, in his poem "We Are Seven," the child to whom the sister and brother lying in the churchyard are as really alive and are as truly pleased with the songs which she sings as were the two who had gone to sea:

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven girls and boys are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

. . . . . .

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

We children of older growth feel an unspeakable aversion to the idea that death ends all. We cannot believe that the words "Earth to earth; ashes to ashes; dust to dust" represent the final end of human life. Our minds rebel against the mere suggestion that

those who have been summoned from our side by the inevitable finger of death have gone out of being, and that we shall never see them again. So much a part of our nature are these thoughts and feelings that I do not hesitate to say that those who gravely doubt or positively deny the possibility of a future life, crucify instincts which are as fundamental as is the craving for food or for affection. So far from immortality being unbelievable, it is believed in, even apart from the revelation of it in the Christian gospel, by Christianized and savage nations alike.

Some time ago there was a leading article in one of our most influential magazines, entitled "The New Death." It was worthy of careful and repeated reading and thought. Let me refer to some of the considerations urged in that really remarkable article.

The writer says, "No one can forget them, no one can get away from them—those boys dead upon the battlefields of Europe. There is not one of us who has not thought more about death within the past few years than in a whole lifetime before, and by their very intensity our thoughts are new. If the European harvest had reaped old men, however many, rather than young, the challenge for explanation would not have been so stinging. The only way in which death could exact from us its due consideration was to break our hearts with pity and baffle our brains with wastage. Not alone by the youth of its victims did the war startle us into a new adjustment to death, but even more by their type: the shining best are those most surely sacrificed.

"The sense of triumph and delight . . . is as clear a note in the words of the bereaved as in the expectations of those who have gone beyond. That the young and splendid cannot die, that their arrested powers must persist somewhere, is the growing conviction of all who mourn to-day. That vision which through all the ages individuals have glimpsed and have incorporated into inspired living, is by universality of loss, or by the possibility and often the expectation of loss, becoming the vision no longer of the few, but of the many. They were so beautiful that it is impossible to believe them extinct, those boys we long for. Perhaps they would gladly have died for this alone—to free the new world from the old world's dread of death. The world has practically accepted as true that which flashes before us in the warm personal hope of Donald Hankey, the 'Student in Arms,' in his last recorded words: 'If wounded, Blighty (that is, the hospital, the tender care of physicians and nurses, those angels of mercy whose names should be written in letters of gold)—If wounded, Blighty; if killed, the Resurrection.'"

We need not insist upon the point as though it were the main argument for the truth of a life beyond the grave. We have much surer ground upon which to go. Yet we may lay some weight upon the instinctive belief in immortality, because it seems very unlikely that it is a delusion. Perhaps all which the instinct proves is the probability that we are immortal, yet probabilities count for something. They are the paving-stones of the road which leads to certainty.

It is surely improbable in the extreme that if we are the offspring of such a God as the God whom we worship, He would allow us to entertain confident hope of a life after death, of an eternal growth in likeness to Him, of a reunion with those whom we have loved and lost, if these hopes were in themselves vain, and doomed before long to disappointment and mockery. God has not made us His jest. Those are significant words of the Master, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you."

How comes it, then, that anyone pronounces immortality to be unbelievable? Sometimes, we may be sure, because of bad morals. By bad morals, we understand living the life which now is in such a way as not to wish the fact of a future life to be true, or as not to keep alive those higher elements of our nature to which belief in a future life more particularly appeals. We often forget that there are some truths whose proof is by no means merely intellectual; truths which require a certain moral disposition in us if we are to receive them. "Ye believe not," Christ once said to the unbelieving Jews, "because ye are not of my sheep . . . My sheep hear my voice."

Frederick W. Robertson, in his great sermon on "Obedience the Organ of Spiritual Knowledge," says: "Have we never seen how a child, simple and near to God, cuts asunder a web of sophistry with a single direct question—how, before its steady look and simple argument, some fashionable utterer of a conventional falsehood has been abashed? How a

believing Christian scatters the forces of skepticism, as a morning ray, touching the mist on the mountain side, makes it vanish into thin air? And there are few more glorious moments of our humanity than those in which faith does battle against intellectual proof: when, for example, after reading a skeptical book, or hearing a cold-blooded materialist's demonstration in which God, the soul, and life to come, are proved impossible, up rises the heart in all the giant might of its immortality to do battle with the understanding, and with the simple argument, 'I *feel* them in my best and highest moments to be true,' annihilates the sophistries of logic."

So Tennyson says in his "In Memoriam":

I found Him not in world or sun,
  Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
  Nor through the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
  I heard a voice "believe no more,"
  And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
  The freezing reason's colder part,
  And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."

There is a very profound principle in these writings. A real faith in Christ is dependent upon a sympathetic attitude of the soul toward Him. No man is

likely to believe in Christ who does not yearn to be as much like Him as he can. The same principle holds good in respect to our belief in immortality. If we live as though this world were all, we shall not be disposed to believe that there is another world beyond it. There is in every soul a skylight opening out toward the upper realms. If we do not keep it clear and clean, the vision of those realms will grow dim, until they are obscured from us altogether. Sincerely to believe that we are immortal, we must more or less live a life which has marks of immortality. The vision of immortality will seldom visit one who does not honestly try to live on earth the life of heaven, and to help to make the earth a little more like heaven for other people, so far as he can. Spiritual things are not likely to be discerned by minds which are marked only by the animal.

Unbelief in a life beyond the veil may also spring from bad philosophy. A philosophy appeared in England at the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, which bears the name of Locke and Hume. That philosophy denied that God and man could talk together. It said that all of our knowledge is derived from the senses; that we know only what we can touch, and taste, and see, and hear, or what by our reasoning faculties we may conclude from what we touch, and taste, and see, and hear. That philosophy said that there is no vision of a world beyond; that there is no invisible world, or that we cannot know the invisible world if such there be. The natural result of that philosophy is to

degrade religion, literature, politics, business, the drama, art, music—all. One of the representatives of that philosophy said, "We have seen the spring sun shine out of an empty heaven upon a soulless earth; we have felt with utter loneliness that the Great Companion is dead." In other words, heaven is empty, earth has no soul, man is a cog in a great piece of machinery. There are no longer any great, eternal, immutable, moral laws; no longer can anyone say "I will do right, though the heavens fall."

There are agnostics who refuse to believe anything of which their senses do not give them positive evidence. There are materialists who teach that man is body only, which is as sensible as to say that the tenant is the house; who talk of the soul as a function of the brain, which is about equivalent to saying that the violinist is a function of his violin. Or, some may have been held away from the belief in immortality by unduly literalistic interpretations of the pictures of life beyond the grave, and have not been discriminating enough to separate the truth itself from some unwarranted form into which it may have been unwisely cast.

Against a denial of immortality, and in perfect accord with the native instinct of man, we have the assertion of the Christian gospel that man is destined to a life beyond the grave. To be sure, the future life, in the nature of things, is not a matter of present experience, nor is it to be accepted as bearing in itself the proof of historical testimony. Death alone will show us what is behind the veil which hides from

our eyes the world to come. We shall have to wait. At the same time, we may bear in mind that there are several considerations, aside from Scripture, partly intellectual, and partly moral, which render the truth of a future life eminently reasonable.

There is the wonderful fact of human personality. In the whole realm of the works of God there is nothing greater, nothing more impressive, than the soul of man, that mysterious power by virtue of which each of us says "I" and "mine" and "me." The soul and self—is it possible to exhaust the meaning of those mysterious terms? The experience of life is a long process, in which we are merging from the little un-self-conscious child into the man or woman with developed personality. Is it likely that death will be the end of this? That after having attained this development, we shall be dashed down when we die, shivered into the chemical element out of which the body was made?

We know that we are the same persons that we were five, ten, twenty years ago. Yet there is not now one drop of blood in our veins which was then there, not an atom of the matter which then formed our flesh and bones and muscles and nerve and brain. All is changed, yet here we are, continuous and persistent personalities, ourselves in spite of all changes. Is it reasonable that the change which we call death is to destroy the fact of personality?

Another consideration: We did not come into this world of our own choice, and we are not responsible for being here. In such a fact as the human life

there must be some purpose. If I find a mechanism like the human heart, beating from an undiscoverable second, without a rest, for the term allotted to the human life, I know that some designer made it. We arrive here helpless. Until we acquire a certain degree of self-determination and self-responsibility, somebody has to take care of us. The body grows, develops, reaches its maturity, and declines, but not until it has reached the maximum of its growth and energy. There is a zenith for the life of the body. The mind, the soul, that by which we think and reason, that by which we love and worship —they also grow. By knowledge and experience they develop. Now what happens? There is a maximum development of the body during the period of man's life upon the earth, but there is no maximum development of the mind nor of the affections. The more we know the more we can learn. The more we love, the more capable we are of deep reaches of love. The body has opportunity for full development in this life, but the mind, the heart—they are denied the opportunity for full development. Since under no conceivable conditions can one achieve in this life that of which mind and soul are capable, if there is a purpose in life at all, there must be an existence somewhere which will provide for the attainment of the utmost of which the real personality is capable. As MacDonald makes one of his characters say, as he looked up into the Highland sky where the stars were blazing: "I think up there there might be something like room!"

Life beyond the veil is demanded by the symmetry of things. Science and the Bible both agree in telling us that this earth of ours will sooner or later be uninhabitable by man. The day will dawn when the earth will not be able to sustain human life. Then, if there be no future life, no life beyond the grave, I know nothing more utterly unmeaning than the history of the human race. The denial of the immortality of man, or the assertion that the influence of man after death is all the immortality which he has, suggests an elaborate and splendid portico, with no temple beyond it. If death be final, life has lost its meaning, and human history and achievement are the most bitter mockery. That is the conclusion to which atheism would shut us up.

If death be final, what is life, with all
  Its lavish promises, its thwarted aims,
  Its lost ideals, its dishonoured claims,
Its uncompleted growth? A prison wall,
Whose heartless stones but echo back our call;
  An epitaph recording but our names;
  A puppet-stage, where joys and griefs and shames
Furnish a demon-jester's carnival;
A plan without a purpose or a form;
  A roofless temple; an unfinished tale.
And men like madrepores through calm and storm
  Toil, die to build a branch of fossil frail,
And add from all their dreams, thoughts, acts, belief,
A few more inches to a coral-reef.

And conscience demands the life beyond. It is true that the judgments of God are in continuous process. In a sense, the throne of judgment is already here, the day of judgment has already come, heaven and hell are in human souls even on this earth. But to speak as though the good received here the fullness of reward, and that evil suffered here the fullness of penalty, is preposterous. Eternal and exact justice is always and everywhere characteristic of righteous government, but there is no such thing in this earthly life as real and complete justice. There are men in prison who ought to be out of prison, and there are men out of prison who ought to be in prison. Death comes to thousands before their deserts reach them. There are moral inequalities, moral inconsistencies, which demand a future life for their equilibrium. The wicked not only seem to prosper, but oftentimes do prosper. Vice triumphs over virtue not infrequently. Law-breakers thrive, and honest men go hungry. Justice is by no means always a realized asset. It is an open secret that wealth can secure not infrequently, if it does not purchase, delay of punishment and immunity from rightful penalty.

Grant that oppressed and persecuted goodness reaps a measure of calm content: is that all the reward which goodness will ever receive? Any thoughtful and unbiased contemplation of life forbids us to believe any such thing. The truth of Scripture is in accord with the voice of conscience, when we are told that mankind is to be made manifest before the judgment seat of Christ, that each one may receive the

things done in the body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad. We need have no apprehension but that the judgment will be rendered with every fact of the individual human life in full view. The God with whom we have to do is vastly more wise and more loving than are we.

There are some things which cannot be demonstrated as can a proposition in Euclid. Life beyond the veil is one of these. But a vast majority of the human race believe in the fact of that life, and will believe, until the day dawn, and the shadows flee away. Human life gains its richest meaning when it is regarded as the portal of a life beyond. What we have called death is a mere incident in an eternal progression, and the immediate result of such a faith should surely be the consecration of all living. Faith is built upon spiritual values. If death is a portal, then there is some sure and strong comfort and inspiration for the restless and storm-tossed world in which we dwell.

V

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

BY

Rev. Robert E. Brown, D.D.

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V

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

"God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."—Matt. 22: 32.

"If a man die shall he live again?" is a question older than the book of Job; it was framed at the dawn of human consciousness and has challenged human interest ever since. In his Corinthian church Paul found a widespread skepticism upon the subject, and exhausted his mental ingenuity in answering the doubts of his hearers. The agnostic Sadducees came to Jesus in the temple, and endeavoured to nullify the whole conception by setting forth a network of human relationships which would produce such spiritual confusion in the next world that it amounted to logical absurdity. Jesus brushed aside all their objections, making bold answer, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Strictly speaking, there are no dead! The word "dead" is only a literary convenience. It represents a transitional state; ultimately it has no meaning. God's specialty is life, not death.

Jesus moved in a realm of thought where all human relationships were held to be precious and indestruct-

ible. When he thought of Abraham he did not summon to his mind the cave of Machpelah, where his body had been reverently laid by his sons; when he thought of Moses he did not see bones bleaching on lonely Nebo; but he thought of them, as well as of Isaac and Jacob, as individual spirits, maintaining their personal identification in a spirit world. They were living more fully than they had ever lived in the flesh, and were walking and talking with God more intimately than was ever possible here. God is the God of the living; his care is for living bodies while this earthly life lasts, and also for living souls after the disintegration of the flesh occurs. Such was the simple yet fundamental attitude of Jesus, and starting with Him I wish to discuss some of the outstanding reasons why we may heartily and confidently believe in the immortality of the soul.

First. Upon the most thoroughgoing investigation that I am capable of making, I find that my intelligence offers no insurmountable barrier to a belief in immortality. There is nothing in the logical processes of the mind to say me nay. The mind works as surely toward a constructive argument even more readily than toward a negative one. I know of no truth in nature that closes the door of the heart to this precious thought. There is no fact in all history which taken in itself has one iota of authority to silence my desires.

Many attempts have been made in the name of intelligence to render absurd or impossible a belief in a future life, but they have failed ignobly. Some

have made their attack from the conception of the spontaneous generation of life. The argument is based upon the analogy of the spontaneous combustion of matter. A bin of coal, for example, if large enough and left long enough, may develop heat sufficient to leap into a flame, though no spark has been applied from without. Internal spontaneous combustion is a physical fact. Therefore, declares the materialist in his glee, life is spontaneous: it leaps like a flame from simple matter and it will die out again as quickly as it arose; so that immortality is a mere phantom of the mind. But biology steps in at this point to say that it knows of no spontaneous generation of life. An analogy is never evidence. Coal and life are similar but not identical. As far as we have been able to explore the stream of life, there is always an antecedent source. "All life from life" is pure and sound science, and there is nothing fanatical or impossible in believing that ultimately there is an eternal source from which all manifestations of life flow. And as the drops in the ocean go back to the uppermost reaches of the clouds, so a soul returns to its original home after its departure from its residence in an earthly house of clay. Not only is it absolutely impossible to draw arguments from nature and experience to overthrow the doctrine of immortality, but these very realms are full of suggestions, which make our belief in it more probable than improbable.

There is the commonly accepted scientific dictum of the indestructibility of matter. Wood may be

pulverized and burned, but its destruction is only apparent, for matter itself has not been destroyed. Its molecules and atoms survive, and may be weighed and measured in the smoke and gas and ashes resulting from its combustion. If matter is indestructible, then there is always the suggestion and the possibility that life is also indestructible.

Herbert Spencer had no axe to grind for any special religious doctrine, but he did champion the eternality of matter over against the old theological contention that matter had been created out of nothing. Now matter bears the imprint of intelligence, from stars to atoms. In its constituency and its movements it follows fixed and harmonious laws. By our intelligence we can discover and understand and direct the movements of matter. Therefore, if matter, as Spencer says, is eternal, this quality of intelligibility must be eternal, forever inherent in it. But if the intelligence that is inherent in matter is eternal, then my intelligence, that perceives and appreciates and uses matter, may be, if not must be, eternal. In short, a philosophy of the world, to be rational, must be spiritual, and when a spiritual universe is, even for a moment, admitted, the doctrine of immortality at once pushes to the fore to demand a hearing for its claims. The only way to escape the insistence of these claims is not to think at all.

As a further suggestion from the realm of nature, we have the persistence of life. The explorer Stefansson has been saying that Sir John Franklin and his men should never have perished in their search for the

pole. Amid the wastes of snow and the mountains of ice and the almost intolerable temperatures, there was life. Down beneath the ice over which Franklin toiled, weak and hungry, there was a wealth of marine forms capable of sustaining him and his party indefinitely. It was his ignorance of this fact that proved fatal to his expedition. The persistency of life is one of the most amazing facts in the history of the planet. During periods of gaseous heat and fiery vapour, life was there. In the ages of solid rock and glacial cold, life did not become extinct. Life was so subtle, so adaptable, and so tenacious that it defied conditions more fierce than arctic cold and torrid heat.

The persistency of life, however we conceive it, is a fact beyond dispute, and there is no good reason why we may not hold, if we wish, the belief that life, by reason of its nature having survived all the changes that astronomy and geology portray, may survive the last change, called death. Science seems to warrant the Scriptural assertion that "God is the God of the living."

Still another suggestion from nature. Life is presented to us under the form of becoming. The cosmic processes are universally evolutionary. They unfold according to a rational order, which we believe is not the working of chance but of the divine mind and the power of God.

A fire mist and a planet,
  A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
  And caves where cave-men dwell.

"First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," is the law of growth, not only for the spiritual forces of the kingdom, but also for God's great natural universe and the soul of man as well. All the signboards of the universe point in one direction. The Author of all life will eventually make a fuller revelation of Himself to us and in us. When He appears, the features of our mind will correspond to His intelligence. The high yearnings and the ideal resolves that have been stirring in us have all their counterpart in His nature, and invisibly and insistently, inspired by His spirit, they have been convincing us that we are the sons of God.

Second. I hold to immortality because my heart craves for such a state. The suggestions that I find in my environment are supplemented by the longings within me. Nothing short of personal immortality will satisfy me. The immortality of memory will not do. I can conceive that Plato and Homer will live in the minds of men as long as civilization lasts. But the immortality of memory or in memory is a poor substitute for what Jesus had in mind.

Nor do I want simply an immortality of influence. All our deeds will doubtless survive in some sense down the ages. In all probability I shall have no outstanding deeds that rise above the average of men's achievements, nor can I claim any distinction of unusual merit, but I intensely desire immortality nevertheless. My spirit, my personality has value in itself despite the poverty of my achievements. I desire earnestly to live and expand and achieve on some

higher plane of existence than any I know here. This desire I find is related to my curiosity. It is like reading a book. When I get two thirds of the way through I do not want to be told that the thread is broken, and that there is neither climax nor solution in store. An author who would treat his readers in such a way would be excluded from the kingdom of letters. I do not want to be climbing a mountain and struggling to the peak, to be told there is no peak, but only cloud and cold and disappointment. No, I want to reach the top and feel,

> Here are the heights, crest beyond crest,
> With Himalayan dews impearled;
> And I will watch from Everest,
> The long heave of the surging world.

If I am true to my innermost craving, I have to confess a desire to meet God face to face. Like Job, my heart says, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him." I want to see Jesus and Peter and Paul, and to inquire for Judas as to his state and mental attitude. I want to talk with the great minds of all time, Plato and Aristotle and Newton. I want to hear the poets rhyme in their own tongue, and hear the musicians sing under the inspiration of their genius, and see the artists "splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair."

But more than that, I want reunion with those members of my family who have gone on before. There is my little brother who died in infancy. Where has he been and what has he been doing since the day

when my father picked me up in his arms and I gazed down in fear and love upon his still, childish form? I would see my brother and my sister who died before they had reached the normal allotment of years, leaving gaps in the family circle which are painfully evident when the rest of us assemble. And I would see my father who fought the good fight of a pioneer, and kept the faith of a home missionary, while he rode long distances, often in semi-arctic weather, taking the light and comfort of the Gospel to scattered settlements on the Canadian prairies. And I would see her who

> Fed me at her gentle breast
> And on my lips sweet kisses pressed.
> Who laid me in her arms to rest,
> My Mother, oh! my Mother.

And as I think of her earthly dust lying at Riverside, facing the east, and overlooking the Naugatuck valley, I feel that the kindly sun shining on the Connecticut hills is only a faint adumbration of the glory that is now hers. And all your dear ones who have preceded you into the realm of eternal light share this glory, too.

Why do I listen to all these desires that speak in my heart? Because I know that in other realms great desires have deep meanings and corresponding satisfactions. There is food for the hungry, light for the eye, truth for the mind, friendship for the affections. Therefore I find no difficulty whatever in conceiving that all our desires are really spiritual intuitions. They

are dim apprehensions of a higher revelation. They are harbingers of heaven; they are faint soundings of the waves of life that beat on the endless shore.

Third. Not only does my intelligence suggest and my heart desire immortality, but my faith demands it. Faith is so necessary that Tolstoi could define it as "What men live by." The Hebraist describes it as the "Assurance of things hoped for." Faith takes the frustum of knowledge and projects the pyramid of reality. Faith makes a provisional view of that which it is convinced must ultimately be. And for good reasons. For life must sketch the future and assign to it meanings, and the highest meanings if the present is to be worth while. Faith refuses to believe that its own functions and findings are illusory. Faith finds a warrant for itself in that it enriches our human aspirations and ennobles all our deepest motives. Both the practical and the ideal interests of life demand that we posit conscience; and if conscience, God; and if God, immortality. Faith can find no reason for the burdens of life, the pain of duty, the imperative struggle for righteousness, except that their discipline is necessary for our ultimate and higher welfare. Life is a school, and we can no more exclude the thought of higher reward for service than we can think of Commencement without its honours and achievements. In God's school all are enrolled. We matriculate at birth. There are required courses for us all. While specialization in one course rather than another may be the lot of some, all high service, all honest duty, all noble aspiration, are saved up to our

credit for that day when we shall know also as we are fully known.

Faith posits eternity as near at hand. The outcroppings of it can be seen in the most common lives. Our moral ideas are but nuggets from a subterranean source. The mother lode of existence is hid from our present gaze, but we have an indestructible assurance that we do not sift the sands of life in vain. Grain by grain we garner life's gold. What matter if it is often washed with tears? We know that a precious experience is ours, and Faith inspires us to wait for that hour when we shall be fully satisfied.

VI

PHILOSOPHY OF IMMORTALITY

BY

Rev. William Douglas Mackenzie, D.D.
President of Hartford Theological Seminary Foundation

Doctor William Douglas Mackenzie, President of Hartford Theological Seminary Foundation, Hartford, Conn., since 1904, was born in Fauresmith, Orange River Colony, South Africa, and received degrees of M.A. and D.D. from University of Edinburgh, Scotland, and the degree of D.D. from Beloit College, Wesleyan University, Yale University, and Knox College, Toronto. He also received degree of LL.D. from Princeton University. He was ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1882, and was President of Chicago Theological Seminary from 1895–1903, leaving that institution to take up his present responsible position.

VI

PHILOSOPHY OF IMMORTALITY

The direct and most persuasive argument for immortality in the eyes of the Christian man must ever be derived from his faith in the resurrection of Christ, and from his personal experience of a new life in an actual, more or less vivid, fellowship with God in Christ. The Apostolic dictum, which thrilled the non-Christian world of that day, retains to-day its glorious qualities of truth, beauty, and boundless hope, that Christ has "brought life and immortality to light."

I

But this announcement of the gospel would have had no power unless it were addressed to a felt need, a conscious and universal aspiration, of the human soul. The fact is that men have always believed in the survival of the soul after the death of the body, all men, everywhere, from the earliest times. On this the evidence is abundant and conclusive. They have ordered their funereal and other religious rites upon the basis of that belief. They have assumed that the

spirits of the defunct not only survive, but may even act upon the life of those whom they have left behind. The Hebrews until late in their history had no distinct doctrine of the future life, but they certainly believed in it. For example, King Saul understood that the personality of the dead prophet Samuel was brought into his presence by a medium, "the witch of Endor." When kings died they were said to be "gathered unto their fathers."

Among the Greeks the idea of the future life exercised a constant and widespread fascination, even before the rise of philosophy. As soon as reflective thought became earnest and systematic the question of immortality immediately took an important place among the subjects of philosophic inquiry. It was inevitable for keen and fearless minds like theirs that the inherent difficulties of the problem should become prominent from the beginning of the discussion. The absence of direct evidence of the survival of the soul daunted many minds. The monotony, as it were, of that unbroken silence of the dead oppressed the mind and burdened the heart of all who sought to grasp the universal faith in terms of reason instead of sentiment, of reflection instead of blind assumption. From those early days of Greek thought there have been many who professed that they did not believe in the immortality of man, and yet their arguments have left the majority of thinking men unconvinced and seem to have produced no effect at all upon the general convictions of men

concerning this mysterious subject. As the late Dr. D. F. Salmond has well said, "The recoil of his (man's) being from the idea of extinction, the inability to think of himself as non-existent, the stir of powers within him too vast for earth's small scene and little hour, and all the deep instincts of his soul, set him apart from the brutes not by a temporary and adventitious difference, but by one which is essential and speaks of a future to which no bounds can be set."[1]

It is important to notice a certain undercurrent of feeling which pervades the important discussion of the future life, as Plato sets it forth in the *Phaedo.* In that great dialogue Socrates is represented as calmly and convincedly expounding and defending his faith in his own survival after death, with the group of dear friends who have gathered round him in the last hours of his life. Socrates, or Plato through his name, sets forth various arguments based upon the nature of the soul. But one cannot avoid the fact that the subject has gained in urgency and vital importance because they are all dealing with the destiny of Socrates, the greatest personality, "the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men" whom they have ever known. They seem to feel that the supreme question is not whether a mysterious and unreachable something called the soul is immortal. Who can be excited about an obscure and technical question like that? The question that presses home upon the affection, the loving interest, the startled

[1] "The Christian Doctrine of Immortality," p. 611.

imagination of each adoring friend in that "death-chamber" is, "What shall become of Socrates? Is that great personality about to be extinguished? Those ripe powers, those glorious qualities of mind and heart—has their value now and for ever been exhausted? Are their meaning and existence limited to the threescore years and ten that he has lived?" In fact, in one notable passage Socrates, seeing that his disciples were moved rather by affection and admiration than by arguments, warned them: "I would ask you to be thinking of the truth and not of Socrates." But what if the truth was involved in the very nature of a Socrates?

That is the real problem by which these men were confronted amid all the windings of subtle argument and genial illustration with which their master fascinated and tantalized them. And though they saw it but dimly, and even Socrates expressed it only in halting phrases which were catching at the height of the argument, what they found themselves to be exploring was the nature of the universe in which they were living and in which Socrates was about to die. Does the universe extend beyond the limits of our present sense organs and temporal apprehensions? And if we are related here and at present only to a mere fraction of that universe, does the immense unknown stand in concrete moral relations with this our mere fraction? Does the total order include and preserve the highest values which can be experienced and achieved in the brief, partial, inconsequential, and unsatisfying conditions of our earthly existence?

II

From the days of Plato down to the end of the eighteenth century philosophers sought to prove immortality mainly from certain descriptions of the nature of the soul. This method rested upon the argument that the soul must be conceived of as a substance whose essential qualities were simplicity, persistent identity, and unity. Granted those, it was maintained that the soul must manifestly be non-material, indissoluble, and therefore immortal. These positions of what was called "rational psychology" were pulverized once and for all by Immanuel Kant in his "Critique of Pure Reason." Thereafter a new departure was necessary in the discussion of the nature of the human personality and therefore of the question of the life after death. And Kant himself opened the way for that new departure in his other two great Critiques on "Practical Reason" and on "Judgment."

The development of the physical sciences and of biology in the nineteenth century again put a check upon the confidence of many men in the reality of a life after death. It seemed to them that the soul is a figment of imagination; that what we call consciousness is a "function of the brain" and the nervous system; that thought can be accounted for by the "association of ideas," and ideas as mere strange phenomena ("epiphenomena" was the word for that conception), a mere stream of successive events, accompanying the purely physical and chemical

processes of the bodily life. The last are the only seat of reality. A mechanistic interpretation of the universe thus became widely accepted, at least in academic circles, as the only true one. Even where it was not accepted, it served to cloud and baffle the minds of others as they tried to deal with the problems of human morality and human destiny. The latest phase of this mode of thought is the belated American philosophy known as "Behaviourism." In vain have its advocates tried to limit its origin and meaning to a quasi-scientific treatment of psychology. It has become quite clear that the effort to treat the whole of human experience and conduct in terms only of physiological reactions to a physical environment is a complete failure. The "rigid behaviourist" has been confronted, for example, with the fact that upon his own theory the very doctrine of behaviourism is a physical reaction. For if all ideas are physical reactions, then what are we to call this idea about all ideas? Students of Spinoza have long been familiar with exactly that puzzling question. If Behaviourism is a philosophy or a psychology or a doctrine, at any rate it is a form of mental life. But if mental apprehension or life is itself nothing but a figment of superstition—well, the interior confusion of "ideas" at that point, in the very making of the theory itself, becomes inexpressible and the theory of thorough-going Behaviourism disappears in sheer chaos. On the other hand, if it is not thorough-going, then it is only a phase of psychology which chooses to explore the physical conditions of mental life.

It is interesting to recall the fact that as at so many other points, so here, ancient Greek philosophy faced the issue in its own fearless way, unhampered by institutional or theological or scientific authorities. In the *Phaedo*, already referred to, Plato represents Socrates as facing the behaviouristic "philosophy" of his day. He found men who explained human actions wholly in terms of physiology and physics. They would say, as he describes it, that he was made up merely of bones and muscles and flesh and skin, and sitting there "in a curved posture," talking. His talking they would attribute further to sound, and air, and hearing, and "ten thousand other causes of the same sort, forgetting to mention the true cause, which is, that the Athenians have thought fit to condemn me, and accordingly I have thought fit to remain here and undergo my sentence." The essential facts of the "behaviouristic" controversy are there, and the answer of Socrates is still the true one. The movements and doom of the great thinker were determined by the thought and will of a court of judges and the coöperation of his own thought and his own determined personality.

If then it is our conscious minds that rule our bodily movements in some way which Science has not yet discovered, and create that entire realm of reality which consists of human, individual, and social experience, the primeval question remains before us: Does human nature in its true essence depend on the bodily life as we now have it for its continuance? If the lower, the physical, has not in the

full scientific sense created the higher, the spiritual; in other words, if the higher has qualities and functions which are not derived from and cannot be explained by the lower—does that higher form of reality perish when the present physical conditions of its "emergence" in the visible world cease at what we call death? Only those can believe that the mechanical forces of nature will annihilate the personality of man who believe that those forces alone produced it.

It is this fact, that rational life cannot be accounted for by the principles which are explored in the sciences of physics and chemistry, which is creating a far-reaching revolution in the world of Science itself. As Canon Raven has pointed out in his impressive work entitled "The Creator Spirit," a crisis in the history of modern thought was reached in 1909 when much was written around the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species." That celebration caused men to survey half a century of thought. The praise of Darwin led to a vigorous inquiry into the gains and losses of the movement known as Darwinism; and men who had been vague and uncertain in their attitudes found themselves forced to confess that the physical sciences had failed to explain the origin and real nature of life and consciousness and reason and moral character. These supreme facts of history remain as mysterious as ever. They have appeared in the course of evolution, but no formula of physical evolution can explain them. And in fact no formula of universal evolution has yet received universal acceptance. The

supreme facts which we have just named have "emerged" not as the creatures but as the supreme masters of the physical world, at least so far as the history of our planet is concerned. The literature of the last few years yields abundant and eloquent testimony to the fact that since 1909 we have entered upon a new era in the great history of thought. The predominant note of this new era is the repudiation by leaders in pure Science of the materialistic philosophy, and insistence upon the supremacy of mind or reason in the structure of an organized universe.[1] The Theory of Relativity is said by those who understand it to be the most vital contribution to this revolution of thought. Moreover, the great discoveries made in recent years concerning the electrical constitution of what we call "matter" have compelled physicists to insist that the four foundations of the universe, *viz.*, time, space, matter, and force, are beyond scientific explanation.

III

From the present situation are emerging three facts which have been familiar enough to philosophers and theologians but which the experts in Natural Science are compelled from their own point of view to confront with a new directness. Many of them have hitherto avoided these facts or have named

[1]Reference may be made to such composite volumes of essays as those entitled "Science, Religion and Reality" and "Evolution in the Light of Modern Science" and individual volumes such as A. N. Whitehead's "Science and the Modern World" and W. Brown's "Mind and Personality."

them only to condemn as having no place in a truly scientific view of the universe.

The first of these facts is that, on the surface of our planet, physical structures are used manifestly by living beings, and above all by rational man, for non-physical ends. The "matter" which the physicist and the chemist investigate is the stuff, the material, out of which all conscious living beings fashion their experience. The very processes of scientific investigation continually discover new facts, whose whole meaning is turned into values, ends, uses, which cannot possibly be stated in physical terms. The deepest marvels of modern science tend immediately to find their place in that ever-widening organization of life which we call human experience. The quality, the reality for us, of an airplane or a radio is not to be found in the physical structure of the machine, but in the place which it takes as the instrument of interaction between human beings. That is its *raison d'être*. For us humans that is its very essence.

But deeper even than such inventions, older and more universal, are the values which grow out of the fundamental human needs. Food and drink, shelter and clothing, are physical facts in connection with fundamental needs, and in dealing with them all our ideals of truth, beauty, and goodness are realized. The former are the material occasions for the latter group of experiences. Civilization, science, art, religion, arise in and out of these ideals, through their ever-partial realization in every grade of social life. These ideal values are the true materials of the soul-life of man-

kind. In them, and in them alone, the reality of human nature is found. The materialistic philosopher, the "behaviourist" in psychology, the smiling would-be "skeptic", like David Hume, enjoying subtlety itself, find their life in the very things which their theories would dissolve into airy nothings. The existence of their philosophy is itself a contradiction, a mockery, of itself, a witness to their joy in the thing called thinking whose validity they deny.

The second fact is that the ideal values with which all human life is concerned would be mere nothings, abstractions, unreal ideals, unless they were or tended to become qualities of personality. A man's actual self is formed in his possession of these as determining his own place and meaning in the universe. "Goodness" is not existent except in a good being. "Truth" can only have a meaning when we look upon it as reality apprehended by mind. Even "beauty," which is not a mere individual fact, cannot be conceived as existing where no intelligence exists to perceive and possess it.

If then death ends all, if man is all astray when he conceives of a universe in which these supreme values are preserved, as of eternity in their very nature, it follows that the moral sense of man does not correspond to the actual universe. The moral trustworthiness of the Power within nature is shattered if this deep deception of the human mind is accepted as the truth. There is in that case no moral order that we can conceive, discuss, or live by.

The third fact which emerges from any adequate

study of the place of man in a morally ordered universe is that the present conditions of his life are inadequate for the full realization of his innate capacities. He is a being whose whole rational and spiritual nature is constructed to live on the pursuit of ideals which are infinite. His capacity for an ever-enlarging knowledge of the objective world, his capacity, ever-renewed and ever-deepening, for absorbing the beautiful, his capacity for grasping ever-nobler and higher qualities of personal goodness —are capacities which contain the infinite. Something of the absolute and eternal lies inherent in all their exercise. In their pursuit he has often been willing to give up his very life itself, as if their worth were greater than his individual existence. But what is their worth if he, in and by whom their value is realized, does actually cease to exist? Not only do they exist only as personality pursues them, but if he the personality and all like him perish then they also perish. Their claim to be of infinite value is nullified and derided by the death which destroys him and in so doing destroys them. The word "forever" which whispers at the heart of love is the mockery of a lying universe if the true lover, in whom it utters its glorious tones, dies "forever."

No! These three facts of human nature have all converged in the life of the race to produce the conviction that man was not created for a brief day of bright hope which is swallowed up in a dismal night of annihilation. Whatever the individual man may have made of his moral character, at any rate his

inborn structure, his racial nature, is "in tune with the infinite." He was created to live on Reality both without him and within him; and the deepest reality in his own nature is its inherent claim to be infinite in its capacities, and, therefore, immortal in its existence.

IV

The "logical atheist" has never believed in a future life. But as a matter of philosophic insight he ought to acknowledge that even in this world he has no right to expect anything. An immediate sense experience or "reaction" is the limit of his life, if he is thoroughly logical—which of course he cannot be and live at all. For unreason cannot beget a reasonable and consistent order of any kind. Even his so-called order of nature is an unaccountable freak of inexplicable experience.

On the other hand, as Campbell Fraser argued at length and with great power:[1] "All expectation is essentially theistic faith." Such faith is not merely belief that an intelligent Will is the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, but it is a universal and inevitable trust in Him. All our human rational life flows from a spontaneous act of faith in the objective order in which our experience is found. When and as that faith becomes more and more intelligent it takes the form of a religious relation with the Being who eternally organizes that world of nature. It is in close and even vital connection with that religious attitude

[1] "Philosophy of Theism," Ed. 2., p. 310.

that man's conviction of immortality takes its rise and reaches its highest degrees of imagination and of moral significance.

When the modern doctrine of Evolution is allied with the belief in God, the Intelligent Will, the living Reason and Power, who is in all and through all, the argument for immortality takes on a new philosophic quality. For the story of the development on the surface of our planet, which is the only scene of evolution open at present to our scrutiny, possesses two characteristics that are relevant to our present discussion.

In the first place, as Newman Smyth in his permanently important work "Through Science to Faith" so convincingly pointed out, it is impossible to look at the progress of our world from merely physical structures in far-off ages to the present-day fulness of human life without finding oneself contemplating a certain "direction" in that æonian story. This "direction" is an objective fact. It is not an abstract theory. It lies out there before every mind that knows and considers the course of events which constitute the history of the planet Earth. It is a fact that the planet consisted at first of materials which are studied by the physicist and the chemist. Then came a period when something we call life began to operate upon the prepared chemical materials, and the biologist takes possession of that field. Another power or form of reality appeared when the prepared living material manifested the phenomena of feeling or consciousness. In addition to that we find what we may call intelli-

gence operating on and with the prepared phenomena of feeling to produce another range of events. These are the field of study of the psychologist. Finally there appeared that range of facts or events which proceed from the operation of reason in man upon the prepared material of feeling and intelligent reactions which characterize the life of the higher animals. Whether these successive forms of reality or factors of evolution were inherent in what we call matter at the very first is a purely metaphysical speculation. It does not destroy the fact that their "emergence" in history has been in those forms and eras with which the scientific scrutiny of our planet is concerned.

In the second place, since it is an objective fact that, in all these great successive developments, material has been apparently evolved upon which each new and, as we say, higher power has operated, an inevitable question arises concerning the destiny of the latest and highest form of nature which has thus "appeared." For in man we have the actual summation of all these results of evolution on our planet. All the great departments of science—physics and chemistry, biology, psychology, logic, ethics—are needed and are actually employed in the study of the one total structure called human nature. The ancient saying that man is a "microcosm," an epitome of the universe as we know it, is thoroughly justified. The inevitable question is this, What is the destiny of this highest department of nature? Is it also the material for a further evolution? Is there a

use to which man can be put, a power which can make of him something as much more wonderful than he is to-day as he is more wonderful than the highest animal?

The answer to that has been implicitly given in man's universal faith in a future life. The same answer is explicitly given in the philosophy which seeks to establish the doctrine of immortality. For the Christian that doctrine is fully and triumphantly confirmed and illuminated in a historical revelation of the next stage of reality. It was attained in the Person of Christ, in His conquest of death, and in His spiritual creation of the new community of human beings who consciously possess even on earth the "indissoluble," eternal life.

A survey of the history of thought discloses the vital relation between man's conception of the origin and ground of all existence and the conception of his own destiny. When he is agnostic as to God he has and can have no faith as to man. But where the mind is convinced that the Power which underlies all the forms of existence, all the processes of their history, is rational and holy, then the same mind sees and feels its own security. The faith that wisdom is inherent in the universe becomes a deep conviction that the same wisdom, having constructed human nature as it is, with these longings, visions, and values, cannot contradict itself by annihilation of that nature. A belief that the universe is not only a rational order as all science assumes and proves, but a moral order as all religion asserts, carries with it the

inevitable conviction that man partakes of immortal life. Human nature is fully and truly described only when it is seen and known to partake of the divine nature. And it is this divine image in man which contains the qualities, capacities, and glories on which the character of the eternal is engraved.

VII

IMMORTALITY AND LIFE'S MEANING

BY

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VII

IMMORTALITY AND LIFE'S MEANING

"If after the manner of men I fought with beasts at Ephesus, what doth it profit me? If the dead are not raised, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." —I Cor. 15:32.

Reality may be described as that which has meaning, permanent and powerful meaning, as when the poet sings:

> Life is real! Life is earnest!
> And the grave is not its goal;
> Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
> Was not spoken of the soul.

Unreality may be described as that which has no meaning, no permanent meaning; and here the classic English example is the familiar and terrible soliloquy:

> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

From the great Apostle to the nations we get substantially the same thought. If there is no hereafter, if death is the end of all, what incentive is there for any man to fight for righteousness, personal and social, as with wild beasts? If man's whole world ends at last in one common tomb, that world is without worth, without meaning. An old man, a very old man, a scientifically educated man, wrote me recently, under a triple bereavement, thus: "I believe in immortality because it seems to me essential to the meaning of our human existence." That was precisely the Apostle's faith; that is our faith; that is the Christian's faith: the denial of immortality empties of meaning the whole higher life of the world. So long as we hold to meaning in the entire higher life of mankind, so long must we be believers in the permanent existence of the human spirit. My subject is "Immortality and Life's Meaning," and this subject I shall consider, very briefly indeed, under two aspects: under the aspect of life itself, and then under the aspect of the two great obligations of life.

I. Consider with me for a moment human life itself. Alcibiades said of his great master Socrates that he resembled a Silenus mask, which the statuaries used to keep in their shops, hideously ugly on the outside, but when opened, found to contain within

images of the gods. Looked at from the outside, the ordinary human being is commonplace enough, insignificant enough, apparently worthless, always unattractive, and sometimes repulsive; but considered from the inside, there will be found images of heavenly loves, sweet memories, splendid aspirations, and illimitable hopes. The normal human being looked at from the outside resembles a cathedral window regarded from the outside; it is black, it is covered with dust, it seems a disfigurement in the architecture of the great building; but regarded from the inside and against the light of day, there are the colour, the figure, the fire, the splendour, the composition, and the transcendent beauty, that almost overwhelm us. Look inside the common, ordinary human being, and there you will see the rich colour over all in the love of existence; that is the background; and on this general background are laid the other loves: the love of home and its everlasting hue of loyalty, the love of kindred, the love of truth, beauty, goodness, the love of one's kind, rising up to be glorified in the love of the Eternal. This is our life, and when you are tempted to think meanly of your fellow-man, do not look at the cathedral window from the outside; enter the temple with uncovered head and with reverent spirit, and look at that soul with all its loves against the Eternal Light.

The lives of good men and good women are a vast compound which they themselves do not begin to understand, of light and shadow, joy and sorrow, success and failure, aspirations, hopes, and dark

despair, all beautiful, all with an infinite significance; the lives of good men and good women are

> Built of tears and sacred flames,
> And by virtue reaching to its aims:
> Built of furtherance and pursuing,
> Not of spent deeds, but of doing.

That is the sublime compound that constitutes our treasure in existence, a treasure which we hold, as the Apostle said, "in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us"; and in behalf of this wonder whose range of connection is past finding out, whose significance no man can discover to the end—in behalf of this vital and divine wonder we think, we believe, we dream, and we hope.

II. Turn now to the other half of my subject, life's two great obligations. First, there is the obligation to personal righteousness. No man is a man, no man is worthy of the name of man, who has not seen a vision of what he may be as a righteous character, and who is not in constant, eager, and confident pursuit of that heavenly vision of himself; there is his first obligation, the obligation of personal rectitude. What becomes of that obligation, on the ground of the denial of immortality? If one character is no better than another to the universe, if Judas is as pleasing to the Supreme Being as Jesus, if the traitor and the murderer count for as much to the universe as the Saviour and the lover of mankind, where is the motive to fight for the glorious ideal, to fight passions and the evil that appeals to those passions, as if one were

fighting with wild beasts? If personal integrity is not as high above personal corruption as the heavens are higher than the earth, if the pure and beautiful character is not as wide apart from the mean and wicked character as the east is from the west, where is the crown for personal righteousness? What should we think of a community in which "a gem of purest ray serene" was of no more value than a pebble on the beach; and what should we think of a society in which the saintliest soul counts for no more than the meanest and foulest sinner? What should we think of a universe that is without a sense of the value of a moral hero, a moral lover and servant of his kind, a Soul and Servant like our Lord Jesus?

The second great obligation is the obligation for social righteousness. We do not consider that any man is a man to-day, or any woman a woman, who does not entertain a passionate and confident faith in the coming of a better moral order, "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." But if the stars in their courses fight against us in our endeavour to realize the social ideal, if the Eternal Power not of ourselves does not make for righteousness but for unrighteousness and for the defeat of righteousness, all motive for high endeavour is plucked up by the roots. Who would waste his effort in trying to keep back the tide, who would spend his strength trying to arrest the flight of this planet? These are impossibilities; and if the realization of the Kingdom of God in the earth, which is what all normal-minded men and women cherish as an ideal,

and have cherished in one form of thought or another from the beginning of time—if that Kingdom is an impossibility in the nature of the case, and if it is rejected by the universe in which we live, then social righteousness is a delusion. The Greeks represented this by a myth of tremendous vividness; they pictured a giant whom they called Sisyphus rolling a stone out of the depths of the valley, up a hillside, in the endeavour to heave it onto the top of the mountain. For a while the giant would prevail, roll it up to the very peak of the mountain, but when, with the last great heave, he hoped to land it on the mountain top, the stone would slip through his hands and arms and roll into the depths of the valley again. The Greek idea of infatuation, eternal infatuation, was for this giant to continue endeavouring to do the impossible. And we all are infatuated men and women, we are indeed wild fanatics, in our endeavour to realize in time the ideal of social righteousness, if the universe is against us, and if the end of all is universal death and universal oblivion.

Thus all the substance, all the reality, all the meaning is taken out of the whole higher endeavour of the finest spirits in their pursuits of personal righteousness, and in their magnificent militant coöperation for the realization of the brotherhood of all human beings. Deny immortality, and make good your denial, and you simply reduce mankind to the moral level of the barbarian, the moral level of the savage. If you reply to me that the pursuit is joy, I answer that for a reasonable man no pursuit can be a joy

if it is foolishness. All that you mean by that reply to me is that there is personal satisfaction in the endeavour; that is indeed part of the whole business, and strength comes to the pursuing soul and the serving soul; but all that would vanish as unreality if you made good your denial of the objective reality of what is pursued.

Finally, I recall you to the atmosphere and the influence in which faith in the perpetuity of the human spirit becomes easy and inevitable. Jesus has changed the world, the Christian world, on this subject. You have to break away from Jesus and His influence and from His vision of God, you have to break away from all that, in order to continue your unbelief. You cannot live with Him, and think with Him, and behold His service, and catch glimpses of His kindness, sympathy, and majesty, and see issuing from His service His estimate of the worth of the human individual; you cannot live with Him, and behold all this, and yet maintain your negation. You will tremble under the power of His silent argument, you will surrender to the weight of the Divinity that works in Him, or at least you will call in question the ground of your negation, and you will repudiate your closed mind and your dogmatic denial.

There is one thing more. Jesus' greatest service was His vision of God as the Father of the world, the Father of mankind. You cannot live in the atmosphere of the Lord's Prayer every day without becoming convinced of the perpetuity of the human spirit. I ask you to place your children from their earliest

years under the influence of Jesus' estimate of the worth of man declared through His devotion to man; and again, I ask you to place your children under the influence of Jesus' vision of the Eternal God as the Infinite Father of man; those children will grow up into belief as naturally, as inevitably, and as beautifully as the flowers in the coming season will respond to the ministry of sunshine and rain.

Christianity is for us to-day the sublimest assertion in all history, an assertion without a parallel, of the endless worth of the human soul. We are far away from the resurrection. Some of you find that easy to believe in, some find it difficult; but there is something greater than the resurrection, and that is the totality of the influence of Jesus Himself as the Lover and Servant of the human spirit and as the Revealer of the Fatherhood of the Eternal God. Live there till next Easter and you will come with shining faces, not looking for an argument but looking for a sympathetic exposition of the faith that shall have become with you an irresistible and a victorious conviction. Worth and the capacity for worth are everything. The poet concludes my discourse:

> What is excellent,
> As God lives, is permanent;
> Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
> Heart's love shall meet thee again.

VIII

THE WITNESS TO IMMORTALITY

BY

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VIII

THE WITNESS TO IMMORTALITY

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' love and righteousness.

. . . . . .

On Christ the solid Rock I stand
All other ground is sinking sand.

I BELIEVE in immortality because I believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Redeemer of the world, Saviour of men, God manifest in flesh, who came into human life to do many very important things, one of the most important of which was to bring life and immortality to light.

If I did not believe in the Deity of Christ I should have little hope of any hereafter. The intimations of immortality which Wordsworth and many others claim to have found in nature and elsewhere do not impress me, not even the change of the caterpillar into the butterfly, for eventually the butterfly dies, and, so far as Nature intimates, it perishes as do the leaves. Neither am I stirred much by the conservation of energy, for energy changes its form; my flesh will decay and be utilized by other forms of life, but not

necessarily by conscious life. I am not especially interested in George Eliot's choir invisible, or continuity of influence. It is pleasant to feel that one's influence for good goes on but not so pleasant to feel that one's influence for evil continues; and who is able to strike a balance between the two influences?

Science throws no light on the to-morrow of death. It is the general testimony of physicians that life is imponderable and that when a human being breathes his last no evidence of survival of consciousness appears. I feel that psychical research has produced no results as yet to satisfy a sane mind of the survival of personality.

Prof. Michael Pupin, president of the American Institute for the Advancement of Science, after a lifetime of study in science, in a recent article admits that science offers no mathematical proof of immortality. "It simply gives us food for thought and belief; grounds for intelligent hope. It adds to our convictions that our physical life is only a step in the existence of the soul."

I want to live on, to preserve all my mental and spiritual faculties, free from the limitations and passions of the flesh, that I may continue to serve my God and His people under more pleasant conditions than now prevail, to undo any wrong I may have committed during my period of kindergarten development here, and, as the catechism says, "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." Some call this selfishness and repudiate the idea. I prefer the philosophy of Prof. Frank W. Collier which asserts

that love, being self-giving, the love of self is far from selfishness which is self-getting; that self-love is the giving of self to self for self-development, in order to serve more successfully; that it is the prerequisite and measure of all service to others; that in the command, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," Christ made self-love the measure of one's love for one's fellows. Hence I am selfish enough to desire strongly to renew association with my earthly friends, and serve them better than I was ever able to serve on this plane of life. Furthermore, I wish to rejoin my loved and lost ones, and I have no assurance that I ever shall rejoin and know them except in the power and promise of the risen Christ.

How do I know that Christ arose? I know it from the historical records concerning His teaching, death, and resurrection, from His reported appearances to His disciples, which appearances are corroborated and confirmed by His continuing work in the world and in the hearts of men. The Spirit attests to my spirit the truth of the records.

The Gospel records of the death and resurrection of Jesus lead me to believe that they were planned by a divine mind. In His teaching Jesus took such decided issues with the Sadducees, who denied any possibility of a continuing life, that He astounded His disciples, yet created in them a glowing hope. He presented illuminating features about a matter concerning which the majority of men had an instinct but no assurance. St. Paul expressed the situation when he said that the fear of death had ever kept mankind in

bondage, because they had no assurance that death did not end all for them. No assurance was possible unless someone should die and come back again, and thus prove that death was not extinction but only change. In many ways Jesus was a witness from God, revealing the Father's desires and plan for men, but nothing in all His marvellous Gospel equalled in importance to mankind His revelation of Himself after His death. On this revelation the Christian Church has been built.

The circumstances of His death and reappearances could not have been accidental. In order that the message they conveyed should have the intended effect upon the world it was necessary that all men should come to know of them and they were so arranged that they became the most conspicuous events of all history. Whatever else in the vast expanse of the world's history has been forgotten or has faded into the mists of tradition, these events stand out more fully as the ages roll on and will continue so to stand through all future time.

The enemies of Jesus in their ferocity left no doubt whatever of His death. To guard against any possible failure they pierced His side. The mangled body was taken down from the cross and buried by Joseph and Nicodemus, and the two Marys witnessed the burial. To make assurance doubly sure the Jewish leaders had a guard placed at the grave.

From Friday afternoon until Sunday morning (according to our reckoning of time) Jesus was lost to His disciples. They believed Him dead and that

all His preaching and promises had proved vain. Some of them went back to their original homes and occupations.

Then He reappeared to them, in various places, more radiant than ever and throughout forty days by *many infallible proofs* He demonstrated to no less than five hundred people, at different times, that He lived.

This demonstration changed the whole attitude of those people toward life. Their motivation was transformed. So far as they were concerned death had ceased to count. He had been through its forbidding portals and had returned the same wonderful Jesus whom they loved, and yet strangely different. It was an amazing thing, but it established in their minds the certainty that Jesus was able to conquer death on their behalf. So certain were they that St. Paul makes it assurance of their own resurrection: "If there be no resurrection of the dead," he writes to the Corinthians, "then is Christ not risen." At that time many accredited witnesses still lived who could testify that He had risen. Therefore, St. Paul argues, it is possible for those whose lives are spiritually linked with His to rise also: "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." It was through His own resurrection from the dead that Jesus brought life and immortality to light.

But since those days when living witnesses could be produced, the great assurance of immortality

which has more than satisfied those who have experienced it during nearly 1900 years, has been a conviction, borne out by their experience, that Jesus is able to make those who trust in Him victorious over the tyranny of death. To them in very truth it may be said: "Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

A just and loving God owed such a revelation to men in whom He had created longings which could be satisfied in no other way. The full appreciation of this comes only to those who have experienced a great and absorbing love and have lost the object of that love. When such an one stands by an open grave and sees the form of one who was dearer than life disappear forever from sight, he or she turns away into a new world. The old world has passed away. The earth is a desert; the heavens are as brass, and with heart strings torn from their roots, in soul agony beyond all words, such an one beats with bleeding fists against the adamantine walls and demands relief or extinction.

It is to such devastated lives that Christ's words, as quoted by John, come as a rainbow of promise in the cyclone of grief: "In my Father's house are many mansions (apartments): if it were not so, I would have told you." These ten words cap the climax of all the wonderful soul-thrilling things that Jesus said to His disciples in those last few days before He was betrayed and at that last supper when, according to the testimony of the beloved disciple, with a soul

exceeding sorrowful and almost in the presence of the awful death which He was to suffer on the morrow, he declared Himself again, finally and definitely, to His followers as identical with the Father; laid down to them the code of Christianity which they were to promulgate; demanded of them a life of humility, ministration, and self-sacrifice, and promised to them, as the outcome and consequence of faith in Him, power equal to His own, and eternal life with Him in the place which He should prepare after His departure.

"If it were not so, I would have told you."

If it were not so——

I would not have come into the world and lived this life of sorrow, abasement, and self-immolation.

If it were not so——

I would not face the betrayal of Judas, and endure the agony of the garden, the buffeting, scourging, torture, desertion, crucifixion, and death.

If it were not so——

I would not ask you, whom I so love, to dedicate yourselves to a life of hardship, stripes, persecution of every conceivable kind, and finally, in most cases, to cruel martyrdom.

If it were not so——

I would not start a religious crusade which I know will lead great multitudes of my followers, in the centuries to come, to suffer the most excruciating tortures the devilish mind of unregenerate man can conceive, such as crucifixion with the head down, branding with red-hot irons in dungeons, being torn

to pieces by wild beasts in arenas to make a Roman holiday, burning at the stake, starvation in exile, forced to a bare existence in deep holes and caves of the earth, for My sake and the Gospel.

If it were not so——

I would not predict the almost continuous bloody warfare of the centuries, with the slaughter of countless millions of human beings, the massacre of peoples, the extermination of races, the unspeakable outrages upon women and innocent children.

If it were not so——

I would not hold out the promise of a world of fadeless bloom beyond the physical plane as a consolation to heartbroken parents and hopeless orphans sobbing over the graves of their beloved dead.

If it were not so——

I would not have framed and taught a system of ethics which, if my promises fail, will prove to be the most arrant folly ever preached to a truth-hungry world.

If it were not so——

I would have bade you embrace the faith of the Epicureans and follow the *carpe diem* advice of Horace to get all the comfort and satisfaction out of the life that now is, for at the end you will fall into a dreamless sleep and become as the leaves which are for a season only and then perish.

If it were not so——

I would extol the philosophy of the Stoics who make the best of the discomforts, misfortunes, in-

equalities, and injustices of this world, and would bid you be virtuous and endure, since life ends at the grave.

If it were not so——

I, the Eternal Word, the Logos, which "was in the beginning with God," which was and is God, I would have told you, the denizens of this sin-cursed world, that your case is hopeless; that there is no pardon; that I who made you, and without whom "was not anything made that was made," in whom all things consist, I, the great "I Am," the "Alpha and Omega," am not able to continue you after the decay of the material body; that in some way unaccountable even to my supposed omniscience, my pretended omnipotence is checked at that point; that all my labours throughout the aeons in which I developed the world in order to evolve the soul of man, the finest, most perfect, the ultimate product of my creative process, one who could read my thoughts after me and enjoy my companionship throughout the ages, have been in vain since I snuff him out as a child blows out a toy candle——

> Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
> Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
> Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
> Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer.
>
> Who trusted God was love indeed
> And love creations final law—
> Tho' Nature red in tooth and claw
> With ravin shrieked against his creed—*

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust
Or sealed within the iron hills.

If it were not so——
Then truthfully might you say of me, your maker:

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tear each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him.

But we are forced to no such ghastly alternative as that intimated in Tennyson's thrilling lines quoted above. Did you ever think that Jesus may have intended the modifying clause—"If it were not so, I would have told you"—to apply as much to what follows as to what goes before it? "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go (just as surely as I go) to prepare a place for you (just so surely) I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

Then, after He had risen, He said:

"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

So He has gone to prepare a place and He has the power. And He will come again and receive His own unto Himself; He has the power. And where He is there they shall be also; He has the power. In His last prayer before He went to His betrayal and death He said: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou

hast given me, be with me where I am"; and He has the power. He wills to do it, He promises to do it, He has the *power to do it*, and, If it were not so, He would have told us.

O sonless father, with heart bowed down by crushing woe! *It is so.*

Think you that He who, unsolicited, restored her dead son to the widow of Nain, will leave you helpless?

And "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

O childless mother with tear-stained eyes and sobbing breast! *It is so!*

For He Who said "Suffer the little children to come unto me . . . for of such is the Kingdom of God," also said: "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Therefore,

She is not dead, the child of your affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs your poor protection
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

O sad-eyed, homeless orphan! *It is so!*

For He Who in the flesh had no place wherein to lay His head, caused it to be written by His prophet

of old: "The Lord, He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee, He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed." Also: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Also: "He that keepeth thee will not slumber." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

O sin-sick soul, weary of the flesh pots of Egypt! *It is so!*

For He who suffered the agony of the cross for thy sake and died and rose again, hath said: "He that heareth my word, and believeth Him that sent me, hath (present tense) eternal life" (not at some remote period after passing through the change we call death, but now, right off, hath eternal life), "and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life."

O thou of the skeptical mind, longing for the truth which seems to elude your eager search! *It is so!*

For He who only asked for faith in Himself and the Father as the sole price of eternal life hath said: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself."

Also: "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Also: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that

loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."

Also: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: . . . and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

"That where I am, there ye may be also." That will be *home.*

Says Cleland McAfee in his little book on "Where He Is": "The Christian's passing out of life is being received not into a place, nor unto a condition, but unto Himself—Heaven is where He is.

"How like Jesus it is to make companionship the chief attraction of Heaven! There are many things we shall want. Sometimes we are allowed to see what a royal condition awaits us. But it is not *things* that make a home. There is a touch that only a personality can put on things that turns a house into a home. Do you not remember how the new house is made homelike by the old faces? Surely you have noticed how the old house ceases to be home when a dear presence is gone out from it. The little ones wander about lonesomely among the familiar things, calling mother, and not finding her, find not home. Just awhile ago I passed the hours of sorrow with some dear friends who had seen a lad and a lassie carried out of their beautiful, almost palatial, residence. When some remarked upon the home, the stricken mother replied, 'It is only a house now.' And we understood her heart. The personal presence was gone."

But where He is will be *home.* The great personality

will be there, and, wonder of wonders, all the other personalities—the loved and lost awhile will be there, and it will be *home*.

Garland then, if you must, to ease the heartache and loneliness, the place where the form that you loved better than life itself passed finally from your sight. Lavish your love by massing the choicest blooms of spring above the precious dust. And weep, nor be ashamed of tears, for they are the fountain spring of the most sacred emotion of God's highest created being. But when all is done, lean by faith on these great and precious promises and trust him who on the eve of His own departure said for your comfort: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Then through the mist of tears, please God, you may, with the eye of faith, penetrate the thin veil of matter which shuts you in, and catch, though fleeting they be, sweet glimpses of the ineffable glories which lie just beyond.

Then with the voice of faith and the note triumphant you may rise up in exultation and exclaim as did the angel at that far-off grave in Judea on the first Easter morning:

> "O friends! He is not here. He is risen.
> Come see the place where He lay."

IX

IMMORTALITY THE RATIONALE OF LIFE

BY

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IX

IMMORTALITY THE RATIONALE OF LIFE

I Corinthians 15: 28

"THEREFORE——"

This single word is the logic-hinge, firmly bound to the portal of historic and spiritual fact, on which swings the gate to the citadel of rational life.

Wherefore? and what? Because of the assured fact of the resurrection of Jesus and the certainty of immortality bound up therein, therefore, it is rational, reasonable, and right that we should live and that we should live nobly. That is Paul's idea.

Jesus brought life and immortality to light. They had been hidden in superstition and ignorance. Only faint gleams of hope had fallen on the future. Men did not understand life, and they did not know the meaning of immortality, until Jesus lived, and outlived, and lived again. His life reveals what life is; and His resurrection shows what immortality may be for us.

The resurrection of Jesus is the evidence that life is greater than the span between what we call birth

and what we call death. It intimates with Wordsworth that:

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar.
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
> From God, who is our home;
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

And its glimpse into the future encourages the soul to say with Browning:

> Oh never star
> Was lost here, but it rose afar!
> We all aspire to Heaven, and there is Heaven
> Above us.
> If I stoop
> Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
> It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
> Close to my breast: its splendour soon or late
> Will pierce the gloom. I shall emerge one day.
> —*Paracelsus.*

The resurrection reveals that life is deeper than the depths of our reason and higher than the reach of our vision. It opens life at the root and shows its touch with God; it uncovers life at the crown and reveals its touch with God again.

The resurrection shows that "life is more than meat and the body than raiment"; that it is infinitely more than a phenomenon of the material world, and

nearer to God than man had ever dared to think. Jesus had called God, Father, but men accused Him of blasphemy; and did not themselves dare to call Him, Father, or believe in their own kinship to Him, until after immortality had been revealed in the resurrection of Jesus.

The boundaries of life were wonderfully widened when the Great Explorer showed that its distant shores extend into eternity. The map of life had to be remade after the resurrection. Unknown lands were outlined, and the far possibilities of the human soul were indicated by the footprints of the risen Lord.

All life was changed in that view of immortality which His resurrection gave. The sea of death became the highway to a new paradise, filled with "argosies of magic sails," in whose bosom shone the fabled *Atlantis*. The world of life was seen to reach east and west, with golden opportunities upon its shores. The soul knew itself as possessing a splendour no daring prophet had dreamed. Man began to feel the pulse of the eternal beating in him; and the breath of the invisible brushing against him. He became consciously a child of eternity and would no more own himself the orphan of time. It revealed man's paternity, and declared him a son of the Immortal. Death could not stop life, and the grave was shown to be a thoroughfare to greater glory. Life is, by the resurrection of Jesus, lengthened, broadened, heightened, deepened, glorified.

In Paul's mind this hope of immortality is the reason why life is worth living, why it is worth endur-

ing, why it is worth improving, why it is worth saving, why it is worth using for noble ends. Because life is eternal, not temporal; because it lasts beyond the grave; because it came from God and goes to God; because it belongs to another world as well as this; because it is spiritual and not physical; because it is fitted for a higher destiny, therefore, it is worth living, worth enduring, worth improving, worth saving, worth using for noble ends. Indeed our life is not rational without the logic of the immortal. It is a syllogism without a major premise; a text without a context; a pedestal without a base; a river without an ocean; a problem without an answer; an eye without light; an ear without music; an earth without a sun, and a sky without a star. Immortality is the rationale of life.

Immortality explains the unsated yearning in man's heart. His is a life which cannot quench its hunger with material food, as the lark cannot feed on carrion and will perish of hunger in a field of carcasses. The soul within us cries out for bread; and life too often offers a stone. This infinite yearning in man's heart is the sign of an immortal need; of a spiritual health. The present world satisfies man somewhat. It was made for him; but not he for it. The appetites of our minds find corresponding satisfaction in the world, but not all of them.

It is not a question of quantity, but of quality. What is here is greater than our present power to know and use. The larder is still full at death. And yet, with all its untouched resources, it cannot wholly

satisfy the soul. Hunger still pursues the inventor who has exhausted himself to do all; still pursues the wise man who has wearied himself to know all; chases with snarling fang the voluptuary who has sickened himself to feel all pleasure; hunger is the gaunt shadow that dogs the footsteps of him who has sold himself to have all possession or all fame. The world exhausts us, but it satisfies no heart, it appeases no one's hunger, it rests no soul. Life is greater and higher than this world; mind is greater than knowledge; the heart is deeper than human love; conscience is profounder than law, and our human need is greater than mortal existence. What our mortal life yields is but a salted spring, and the soul's athirst for fresh water. Wisdom, pleasure, possession, discovery, do not lead to the spring unless they lead to God and immortality. If wisdom does not find Him, it has seen but a mirage on a desert. If pleasure does not lead to the garden where God is, it is an apple of Sodom. If possession does not make us rich toward God, its gold is the dust of brass. If discovery does not find the immortal, it has but come upon a barren and desolate isle. No! The soul of man was made for the unseen and eternal as well as for the seen and mortal. It is the wine of God's vineyard alone which can quench his thirst, the light of God's eye which can illumine his path, and the life of God's Son which can fill the meaning of his unrest.

But life has its dignity and real worth in the fact of immortality. If we are not immortal, what a small thing life is, and what fool business we are engaged in!

What is the meaning of all this study and discipline, this gathering of wisdom, this seeking of character and composure, this self-restraint and self-denial? What mean this posing and poising, this indignation at wrong, this admiration of right, this rapture of music, and that delight of art, this growing red in the face of humiliation, and this sense of delight at honour worthily won? What are all these struggles, these weary days and sleepless nights, these pains of work and pains of rest, these humours and moods of unutterable sadness, while we strive to build a manhood and a womanhood? What do they all mean, and what are they good for? Only that we may die, and be no more, before they are ended, sometimes in the very midst of them? Only to die and shrink back swiftly into nothing, as the lamplight fades and leaves only darkness and an odour of smoky oil?

"Well," one says, "it is better to die like a man and a king." Yes, if there be a kingdom, if there be a manhood. Then it is the only thing to do. But if there be no manhood, no kingdom; if life be but a span of days; if the lamp go out forever, what is it after all but a burlesque, a comedy of errors, in which the actors forget it is play and strut and pout, and throw back the head and gesticulate, as if things were real and important.

The resurrection of Jesus gives to us the only basis of reality which our conception of life can have. The beast of the field is wiser than Solomon, and the bird of the air the better Christian, if death ends all. There is no virtue, no honour, no right and wrong, no

dignity, no worth, no moral qualities, if there be no immortality. Moral qualities are immortal qualities. Virtue, honour, right, dignity, worth, these are eternal things. Eternal things mean there is eternity. We cannot be virtuous or honourable or righteous or worthy unless we are immortal. The beast is never virtuous or honourable. He is savage and ferocious; or tame and domesticated. Moral qualities belong only to immortal beings. That's what they mean, qualities worthy to last; worthy of immortal beings. Hear what Tennyson says:

> The good, the true, the pure, the just,—
> Take the charm of forever from them, and they crumble into dust.

It is all a sham and a fool business, this thing we call civilized life, if there be no life hereafter. It is built on the conception of a judge and a judgment, of an unending world and an immortality. "Eat, drink, and be merry," that is the maxim for a mortal life. In such a case moral qualities are irrelevant, and this strain of moral discipline in the present, for a future which does not exist, is a folly incredulous. It is because we feel and believe that the immortality Jesus brought to light is in us, that all the effort of life can be taken seriously; that we can urge each other to be noble and true; and that our effort seems rational, instead of a mere posing and poising in a tremendous but stupid farce.

How small life would seem without the back reach to God and the forward reach to immortality—a

painful dream; a forgetting and being forgotten; a flash of light in a universe of darkness; a gleaming particle of dust in the whole of a sunlit hemisphere. And how ill-fitting would be this tremendous world effort to make the dream pleasant. Better let it pass and be gone forever, than to disturb our days with the noises and our sleep with nightmare. Before the dream is changed we shall have ceased to be and the dream shall be no more.

How small indeed our life without the life beyond! Here we can but begin to be and do. The mass of living beings around us, the rapid expansion of the universal life which rises about, covers, overflows, and swallows up our individual life; which effaces our existence and stupefies our memory, so that we are like lost children in a forest crowd of men—this makes life small enough. To be born, to struggle awhile, and disappear—that would be the whole drama of life. Everything about us is mightier than we are. Everything ignores us, crushes us, is indifferent to us. The work of the race is so mighty that yours and mine is a drop in the mighty Niagara rapid. What we do is but begun ere the sun set. Our plans are not drawn before 'tis noonday; and the night finds us only ready to begin. Others' deeds hide us, others' works overtop ours, while we have exhausted ourselves getting ready, and our first effort finds us crushed and undone.

Shall the sweet, red-breasted robin not find a sunny summerland when, moved with a chill of fall, she feels the thrill of a southerly summer breeze in

her wing, and, turning away from the north, sure that life could not be so short, flies swiftly to the south? What gives reason and justification to her long flight of nights and days? Is it not the reality of the sunny summerland in the southland?

What makes all our nights and days of labour rational—nights and days in which we can but begin to be, and in which we feel the motion of an immortality in us? What makes our serious life here rational and wise? Is it not the fact that God has sure sunny summerlands for the soul somewhere in the places above and beyond life?

And love would not be rational without immortality, except the love of self. For, if "here" is all the life one has, there is no love to spare for others; and love is the giving of oneself to another, as God gave Himself in Christ Jesus. Love is not a physical quality. The stone does not love the mountain from which it was cleft; nor does the brook love the river into which it pours itself. Love is a quality of spirits. It is one of the things which can only be insanities if there is no future life. Life here is full of tender and meaningful associations. With the instinct that we shall live forever. we permit our lives to be linked and bound in sacred bonds. We expect, without reasoning, to love forever, because we expect to live forever. Could love be sane if it were true that ever our love should be torn out by its bleeding roots from the heart in which it had fastened itself? If the mother, who coaxed our life into youth and tenderly trained the heart to herself; if the mother who looked

love through our eyes, and made sacrifice with daily incense for our sakes on the altar of her heart; if that mother who kisses the babe into childhood and loves the child into manhood; if that mother is to be at last ruthlessly and forever torn out of our life, is love sane? Oh, it is exquisite foolishness to love, if there be no immortality. It is a profound folly to tie the heart to a noble soul, if that soul may to-morrow dissolve and pass away like a morning mist. Because Jesus rose again and certified our hopes of everlasting life, therefore, our lives are not vain and our affections are not opportunities for the mocking of the soul.

So, also, immortality gives meaning to conscience. Conscience requires an after-world, because conscience bears in itself the fear and hope of it; the fear of it, for the moral shadows lengthen toward the future; the hope of it, for the moral light shines beyond the boundaries of the grave. Conscience is a voice out of the eternal, an echo from the hills of the eternal country. It is the soul's sense of the eternal, the measure of one's deeds and words by its standards. Conscience is the eternal in touch with our life. It is the eternal reaching back into our life, a bit of the borderland into which the soul has already passed. All the power of conscience rests on the reality of that land and life. Its approval is the light of that immortal life. Its disapproval is the shadow our deeds cast across that light. Conscience is the eternal looking down into our life in time.

I say this because conscience refers everything to the future. The fear of penalties in this life is never attributed to conscience. The hope of reward in this life is never called conscience. It is the fear of the unseen and the intangible penalty, the projection of our deed into the eternal; the fear of God, which is conscience, and the hope of God, which is conscience. The soul smitten with anguish because of some social peril may be in terror, in a deep and real distress; but it is only when it is the distress of facing God, and the dread of the result upon the future, that anyone calls it conscience.

I say conscience refers all judgment to the future, and has all its power from the future life. It is the link of light and the link of darkness which bind the soul to immortality. Without immortality conscience can have no meaning. In what we do there is then no question of right and wrong; but only of wise or unwise; of being found out or not found out; of bearing physically the result of action or not bearing the result. Without immortality life has only the standards of human law. There is no right or wrong without it. There is no duty—what we ought to do—but only expediency, what is best to do.

Without immortality there is no duty. But conscience will not down; there is duty, therefore there is immortality. Or to use Paul's method, Christ arose from the dead, the spiritual and unseen world is real; therefore, there is duty. Samuel Taylor Coleridge in some notes in "Anima Poetæ" says:

"Why do I believe in immortality? From conscience; for conscience; that is, my affections and duties to others."

O ye hopes! That stir within me!
Health comes with you from above!
God is with me! God is in me!
I cannot die! For life is love!

"More strongly than ever I feel that conscience is the proof of continuing, as it is the cause and condition of existing, consciousness."

All man's fear of the future, and all his dread of the to-morrow—if there be no immortality at all, what are they more than spots in his feasts; grim and dark spectres; the shadows of men's judgment, which they have cast upon their own lives? If there be no to-morrow and no future life, why spend time dodging ethical shadows and running from moral spectres? Conscience makes fools of us. Conscience is our enemy, with the envy and small spite of one who, having made our life but a taunting breath, cannot leave us to enjoy that breath, but must needs make it full of fears and harms. That is, if there be no immortality, conscience is insanity, and duty is an idiocy—irrational and senseless.

But it is because we know that immortality is true, that, therefore, we feel we are sane and rational when we listen to that voice, as 'twere the voice of God, and remember the duty which the God of the future commands. Because we are sure of seeing Him in another

life we feel that we are wise to bear pain and sorrow, the loss of sweet joys, and the loss of life even, rather than imperil the peace of the soul now and the life of the soul hereafter. Duty, conscience, right, virtue, reward are all reasonable because we see that we shall live and outlive and live again.

We can all easily see how the endurance of sorrow and pain is reasonable when we view it as the discipline of One who is preparing us for a future life. And we can as readily see how he is neither wise nor sane who, without such hope, calmly endures and does not revolt. Pain and sorrow would crush our life otherwise. We can understand why stoicism justified suicide. It had no rationale, no justifying reason for pain. It only counselled endurance, and when nerves, muscles, mind, heart, and spirit could not longer endure, permitted that one might seek the rest and peace of self-annihilation.

Immortality is what our rational, reasoning power means in its last analysis. It is what our moral intuitions and our moral freedom mean. It is what every power of life means—mind, heart, and will; and since we can do no more than repeat this same process we leave the thought with a word. All the powers of life are meaningless and irrational if there be no immortality. It is this deep place which immortality has in our present life which proves its reality. It is the present reality which makes it true for the future. Indestructible thought, indestructible emotion, and indestructible moral quality—these are a trinity of proofs, a triune revelation of immortality. Mind is

immortal; emotion is immortal; will is immortal; we are immortal.

It should now be beyond question that if immortality be the rationale of all life, and if the resurrection be the supreme certification of immortality, then Jesus, who rose again, is the centre and soul of all true life, the Son of God, and the Saviour of mankind. And this festival which we celebrate is the festival of all festivals, the festival of immortal life, the carnival of everlasting love and joy; and our souls should be full of its spirit and athrob with the pulses of the life of the Son of God, who brought so rich and glorious a redemption to us.

X

MY IDEA OF IMMORTALITY

BY

Rev. Richard M. Vaughan, D.D.

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Professor Richard Miner Vaughan, Professor of Christian Theology, Newton Theological Institution, Newton Centre, Mass., was born in Bangor, Maine, and received his A.B. degree from Brown University, B.D. degree from University of Chicago, and D.D. degree from Brown University. He was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1898. He held pastorates in Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit, First Church, Janesville, Wis., and First Church, Berkeley, Cal. In 1912 he left Berkeley, where he was also Dean of the Pacific Coast Baptist Theological Seminary, to take his present position.

X

MY IDEA OF IMMORTALITY

The idea of a future life was part of my earliest cultural heritage. My Welsh kindred, transplanted to American soil, sang of the world to come too fervently for me to doubt its reality. Since those sheltered days I have felt the hostile currents of modern materialistic philosophies, but my faith has been lifted to new clarity and assurance. I know that the essential fact in religion is relationship to the great Oversoul, and that immortality is not the central religious tenet, but it is such a correlate of the Christian belief in a spiritual order that the denial of it would imperil the whole structure of faith. Eternal life is doubtless primarily a divine kind of life here and now, but I must believe that a life qualitatively eternal has a significance which death cannot destroy. It is my conviction that what the atmosphere is to physical life upon our planet, faith in immortality, in all its implications, is to the spiritual life of mankind.

At the outset, it is important to note the nature of the considerations which suffice to validate belief in immortality. Our faith must be more than mere wishful thinking, although we have no sympathy with the

man who rejects a teaching because it does accord with his deepest wishes. Moral optimism is a far more wholesome attitude than deliberate preference for pessimistic negations. We attain the knowledge which is wisdom by laying hold of reality with our total nature—mind, heart, and will. That is true which is logically coherent with the accepted realities of the mind, which meets our deepest emotional needs, and which gives impetus and power to the will in the presence of the tasks and problems of life. Nor can mere external authorities of any kind command the minds of men in our day. There is authority in religion but it is the authority of the objective truth which awakens inward response. We venture to say, furthermore, that psychic phenomena have not yet proved the survival of our friends in a realm beyond death. We are willing, like William James, to keep a window open on the psychic side of the mind, but probably in our case, as in his, nothing convincing will ever fly into our mental house. It is part of our spiritual education to be compelled to rest our faith in immortality upon our insight into the meaning of things rather than upon the direct findings of the physical senses.

For each of us, immortality is a "hope", and hope in the very nature of the case builds upon moral certainties. The battle of religion is half won when we recognize the nature of its evidences. The fact is that mathematical demonstration obtains only with respect to such empty abstractions as we find in geometry. Our knowledge of stars and friends, of God

and immortality, rests upon great postulates of faith. The scientist assumes the trustworthiness of his powers and the universal reign of law. But what he calls "law" is only the observed sequence of phenomena, he has nothing but faith in the self-consistency and rationality of the world-process to assure him that law will continue to operate. Apart from faith we are not even sure that the sun will rise to-morrow. Law may cease to function and Huxley's friendly comet in a purely accidental way knock our planet into "smithereens." If the scientist walks by faith, the believer in immortality need not feel lonesome in his peregrinations. We are all alike pilgrims, trusting in the dependableness and the wisdom and the love of the Order-of-Things in which we find ourselves. Our belief in immortality rests upon our total view of life. Perhaps any single argument alone may seem inconclusive, but many strands woven together make a cable which cannot be broken.

I

The first, and most obvious, basis of belief in immortality is the worth of personality. The idea of a future life did not arise in the mind of primitive man through a definite, conscious process of reasoning but it was a spontaneous and inevitable expression of his will-to-live. A child sees before it knows that it has eyes. And man believes in survival of death before he knows that the postulate of his faith is the ultimacy of personality in the cosmic process and the

kinship of his life to the Eternal Power who gave him existence. It is probably true that dreams suggested to man the idea of a second, separable self or soul, capable of activities in places distant from the body, and of persisting even beyond death. And yet we have no reason to believe that the dog, whose slumber on the rug before the fireplace is evidently disturbed by dreams, infers therefrom a canine heaven where marrow-filled bones are plentiful. Only creatures possessing the power of conceptual thinking can believe in immortality, and man's faith in his future springs from the inextinguishable call for continuance which lies at the heart of personality.

Rightly to appraise personality, we must see its place in the cosmic process. According to evolution, life upon our planet has been a long development from simple to more complex forms. The planet itself underwent vast eons of preparation before life of any kind could appear and find sustenance. Then, at last, no one can tell how, the first unicellular creature appeared. We know of no magic which can combine chemical elements to produce life, and the only tenable hypothesis is Creative Will putting something new into our planetary order. Evolution is not a mere reheaping of the particles of a sand pile, nothing but quantitative change; evolution is creative, emergent, ascendant. If man has animal ancestry, he is not therefore animal only; he is man with all his godlike possibilities. It is not even necessary, Hindoo-like, to believe in the pre-existence of man in order to believe in his immortality, for we do not live in a

fixed and finished universe, but in a universe ever enriched by the appearance of new values.

Moreover, there is reason to regard personality as the culminating fact in the creative process. In the name of science it can be said, "On the earth there will never be a higher creature than man." I am not tadpole to Superman. The cosmic energies are plainly devoting themselves to the development of man's intellectual and spiritual possibilities. Why further perfect the eye, when man can use his brain and make microscopes and telescopes? Doubtless there will be and must be a higher type of man upon earth in days to come, but there cannot be a higher than man. Personality is the consummation of the creative process. It is the end, as Aristotle would say, which explains the meaning of the process as a whole. The task to which God has set his hand is the creation of a society of Christlike personalities. And it cannot be, if we live in a rational and self-consistent universe that death, which God himself has ordained, has power to frustrate the divine plan. The logical next step in evolution is immortality.

The worth of personality is apparent also from its intrinsic values. It is in itself the pearl of great price for whose purchase all else is purely instrumental. We do not speak thus in mere human self-laudation, for we make the claim in behalf of spiritual intelligences, if there are any, everywhere in the universe. The satirist may remind us that Alexander Pope's pampered goose makes a similar claim that all things exist for its sake, but in point of fact the goose is

incapable of reflection upon its place in the cosmic scheme as a whole. Our feeling of worth is not intolerable human conceit but sober evaluation of spiritual being in contrast with the physical order. The sense of values moves in the world of appreciations, and concerning tastes there is no dispute. If a man is pleased to deny the primacy of spiritual values over material things, there is no logic to convince him otherwise.

The vastness of the universe, as disclosed by astrophysics, is supposed to discredit man and his dreams of immortality. There are seemingly countless heavenly bodies, some of them distant from us a hundred thousand light-years. Relatively speaking, man is a pin point on a speck of a planet, in a fourth-rate solar system; how dare he arrogate to himself endless life? And yet qualitatively what is Betelgeuse which is said to be twenty-seven million times larger than our sun? It is just what Michael Pupin calls it, only a "gas bag." The stars in space are constituted of the same materials as our planet; qualitatively, they are nothing more than the pebbles under our feet.

Personality has within itself reason, freedom, love, in self-conscious unity. These are values which constitute the soul something more than a machine. A behaviouristic psychology which cannot see beyond physical relationships can find no permanent significance to personality. All our experience, however, does vindicate the reality and power of our spiritual consciousness. Reason is the power to see relations

which as such are invisible realities; thus reason confers upon man citizenship in the unseen and eternal order. Man is able also to choose an ideal, to organize his instincts about it, and to utilize external forces for its realization. Therein lies his freedom and it differentiates him from lumpish planets and suns as they are wholly pushed or pulled by external agencies. Love also is revelation of unique worth for at its highest it is the response of the soul to goodness and beauty. The power of self-consciousness is something which lifts us far above even the lower animals. It is possible only to a conceptual mind. By means of it we are moral beings, capable of self-judgments of praise and blame. We can believe in God as a spiritual being and have a religion. The ability to picture a life beyond death is itself evidence of the superlative greatness of personality, and the pledge of its deathlessness.

And does not the incompleteness of personality, as we know it here, point to a realm where its values can be realized? One of our outstanding characteristics is our improvableness. There is no one but is conscious of vast, unattained possibilities. If the goal of the cosmic process is the creation of personalities, and the task is unfinished here, surely a self-consistent and rational universe will give us opportunities beyond the borders of the present life. The lower animals, it seems to us, fulfil their lives here; they are under no law of illimitable progress, therefore the need of immortality does not exist in their case as in our own. The unrealized potentialities of personality,

to which life's immaturities and frustrations bear such pathetic testimony, call for an eternal world. The urge for life, the *élan vital* within our beings, may conceivably and fittingly press forward even over the barrier of death.

II

Our faith in immortality rests also upon the character of God. The friendliness of the world-order is the counterpart to our inherent possibilities. The two pillars which support the arch of hope are the worth of man and the character of God. The ultimate fact, most certainly, is God. Whatever worth man possesses bases itself in the Nature-of-Things which has given him existence and which constitutes the sphere for the unfoldings of human possibilities. Margaret Fuller came to a wise conclusion when she said that she had decided to accept the universe. And Carlyle's remark is still pertinent, "Gad, she'd better." The last word as to what is to become of us rests with that same universe and only its friendliness gives any assurance of immortality.

The character of God must be learned from its manifestations. No one can fail to recognize a Power greater than ourselves, whether it is the totality of things or personal being. That Power is plainly intelligent, for nature is the sphere of orderly processes which can be stated in terms of law. There are meanings everywhere, and meanings are the expression of mind. And if evolution is true, the cosmic power must also be purposive; it strives toward a

goal. But can we say that it is beneficent? Is the age-long Christian declaration true that God is Love? There are many facts which seem to contradict it. Nature appears at times kindly, but at other times indifferent or hostile. The undeniable fact of suffering confronts us wherever there is sentient life. No doubt the problem of evil is our deepest mystery, but the only possible light upon it is the educational rôle of pain in the evolution of life. Certainly, if the story of humanity ends at the grave, it is in countless instances the deepest tragedy. The scheme of things can be justified only as there is a realm beyond death where vicarious love can find its vindications, and where personal suffering can garner the lessons of experience.

The kindliness of God is a truth certified by science as well as by religion. The evolutionary process is no longer regarded as a jungle of ruthless struggle for survival. The decisive law in the upward movement of life is mutual aid, which is another name for love. In their volume on Evolution, Thomson and Geddes assure us, "It is much for natural history to see no longer struggle but love 'as creation's final law.'" In making such a generalization we must, of course, include man as organic to nature. Our judgment upon the world-power cannot rest solely upon our findings in sub-human realms, but it must take full account of the moral ideals and achievements of humanity. And the place of the moral imperative in our own souls is witness to the nature of the ultimate reality as holy love. If the world-process discloses God as

intelligent, purposive, and beneficent, he cannot be less than personal. And in so far as God is personal we are kin to him. As the sparks fly from the diamond on the lapidary's wheel, so have our lives been struck off from the life of God. The particle from the parent stone may be tiny but it is—diamond! Man is in the image of God, he is child of God, and thus surely a proper candidate for immortality.

All the aspects of the character of God, such as wisdom, love, and power, have for their correlate the immortality of man. The wisdom of God, like the wisdom of man, lies in the choice of a worthy goal and of appropriate means for its attainment. We have already had occasion to refer to God as a purposive being intent upon the creation of a fellowship of Christ-like personalities. Surely God is not merely playing with stars, as a child plays with coloured rubber balls. He has an objective worthy of a moral being, and that can be nothing less than the making of beings who share his likeness and enjoy his blessedness. And this is precisely what the evolutionary process reveals God as doing. Long eons of struggle have eventuated in the arrival of man. Each of us through a lifetime is taught and disciplined. And are we to believe that God now throws us at death into the void? Such a procedure would be the negation of all wisdom, an act attributable only to a cosmic madman.

And the love of God, no less than His wisdom, is pledge of eternal life. Love cherishes its objects, it does not destroy them. Parental love, as we know it

in human experience, gladly makes every sacrifice to perpetuate and enrich the lives entrusted to it. God is no Saturn who devours his own children. And the power of God is sufficient to assure the triumph of his wisdom and his love. Disbelief in the possibility of a blessed life beyond death rises in us, as in the ancient Sadducees, because we err, not knowing the power of God. We see the dependence of mind upon the brain, we see the dissolution of the body in the grave, and we declare a life beyond death inconceivable. Doubtless, if we could have seen the planet prior to the advent of man, the inconceivability of man, as he exists at present, would be an axiom in our disbelief. Surely, the power which has been able to give us the wondrous life we now have, has sufficient resources, if he so desires, to give to personality an appropriate form for self-expression in a realm beyond death.

The service which Jesus renders to faith in immortality pertains to both the supreme convictions upon which our faith rests. Jesus did not originate human belief in life after death—that is old as the race—but he greatly deepened and clarified it. His nearest approach to an argument for immortality is in the famous saying, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Here he based his faith in the resurrection upon the intrinsic worth of man as realized in his fellowship with God. The foundations of his faith were the worth of personality and the character of God. He said, in effect, that God could not take up any man into friendship with himself and then drop that man into nothingness. The character

of Jesus, no less than His teaching, confirms our faith in a future life. In Jesus, as nowhere else, we see alike the worth of man and the character of God. He is man at the highest and He is revelation of the Father, thus He strengthens the eternal bases of faith. Being what He was, it was not possible that He should be holden of death. And the kind of God revealed in the personality of Jesus will not permit us to perish. These truths, antecedent to the death of Jesus and His triumph over it, have given power to the gospel story of the Prince of Life through all the centuries.

III

There is a third consideration, confirmatory in its character, which makes an invaluable contribution to faith in the eternal order, and that is the practical helpfulness of belief in immortality. The pragmatic test is not the only test of truth, but it is a legitimate test. The good, the true, the beautiful are phases of the same reality and each at its highest involves the others. If it is helpful, it is true. A tree is still known by its fruits, and it is a false philosophy which weakens moral incentives, even as it is a true philosophy which best enables us to realize our highest personal possibilities and to make the noblest contribution to the society of which we are a part.

From the point of view of the individual man, immortality has large practical value. It gives amplitude and perspective to life. It lifts us out of the narrowness of outlook which makes us evanescent items in planetary changes. Thus a human being

becomes invested with a dignity and an inherent worth which reacts upon all our personal and social attitudes. There is, of course, no moral significance in mere endlessness, but duration is not therefore unrelated to value. We are, as a matter of fact, achieving our values within the framework of time, and without that framework we cannot conceive of ourselves, as finite beings, as doing anything at all. To die, as those subject to the phenomenal order, is a denial of eternal life as a qualitative reality. A man who sees himself as a part of a cosmic plan, reaching out beyond the grave, is thereby pledged to order his life as a citizen of a vast spiritual commonwealth. In the thought of consequences, both good and ill, which continue beyond this world, the faltering will of man finds an added help to purity of life and devotion to duty.

The emotional life of mankind has found profound satisfactions in the hope of immortality. The aversion which men generally feel toward the ideal of personal annihilation is normal to lovers of life. The naturalistic humanists of our day, who bid us to be satisfied with an immortality of influence, usually acknowledge that the taste for annihilation, like that for olives, is an acquired one. We must harden ourselves against the old delusive hopes and continue to chew the bitter thought of extinction until we like it. The normal feeling toward the extinction of personal existence has been frankly avowed even by scientists whose own attitude toward immortality was generally agnostic. "An intolerable thought," said Darwin,

concerning the extinction of mankind. "A strange and repugnant conclusion," wrote Spencer, as he looked forward to the cessation of consciousness. "It flashes across me at times with a sort of horror," said Huxley, as he recognized that he would be as non-existent in 1900 as he was in 1800, and he expressed a preference even for a place in hell, especially in one of its upper circles where the climate and the company were not too trying. "I am not young, and I love life," declares Bertrand Russell, as he refuses to be frightened into faith, as though fear were more than one of many factors in the origin of religion.

On the other hand, who shall tell the long story of men and women in all lands who have found in the Christian hope of eternal life the unfailing source of consolation and strength? This hope has ennobled friendship, within the family and beyond its borders. It has retrieved the sense of failure by the promise of continued life. Here is the light which illumines suffering by assurance of a world where faith shall have its fruitions. William James acknowledged the power of the Christian hope of fellowship beyond the grave, as he wrote to his dying father, "More than ever do I feel at this moment that if that *were* true, all would be solved and justified."

In the sphere of society, also, we see the helpfulness of belief in everlasting life. The statement is vigorously challenged in various quarters to-day. Anthropologists point out the burden of fears, the waste of wealth, which the historic doctrine of a future world has imposed. Materialistic socialists, like the

masters of Russia, placard the Marxian sentiment that religion is the "opiate" of the people. No doubt there is a measure of truth in the sentiment but even opiate has its place in the materia medica of a humanity to whom suffering is an irremovable element in experience. But religion, including the hope of immortality, is a nutrient and a stimulant also. All the fundamental Christian ideas, accepted and applied, are forces for progress. The gospel is yeast, sword, and fire. The one dynamic of social advance is our sense of the worth of personality. Let there be a proper evaluation of human beings, and our economic exploitations would cease, and we would make every effort to give to all men justice and education. Immortality is vitally related to the value we place on personality. Is man a passing incident in the natural order, or does he possess ultimate and permanent significance? Our answer to this question will profoundly affect our estimates of our fellow men, and the social power of our philosophy of life.

Belief in immortality is one of the salient factors in the survival power of a social group. Individuals, or even a generation of mankind, may cast away a vital tenet of religion and yet move forward on the momentum which preceding generations of believers have given to them. The social effect of attitude toward religion requires an extended period of time to reveal its inward nature. And history is vocal with the truth that the breakdown of religion is a time of social dissolution and that a revival of religion is closely correlated with social advance. We need have

no fear that faith in immortality will fade from the world, only the people who cherish that faith possess survival power at the highest. Blessed are they, for they shall inherit the earth.

IV

Our confidence in our conclusions with respect to immortality is strengthened by the untenability of all suggested substitutes. A brutal naturalism which merely denies is no longer the order of the day. We are presented with something just as good, if not better, than the original article in the merchandise of heaven. A close examination reveals so large an element of alloy as to disqualify the new coinage for circulation in the realm of Christian faith.

One of the proposed substitutes is the immortality of values. The word "values" has a large place in modern philosophical speech. It is a noble word and represents an excellent approach to spiritual realities. It marks a shifting of emphasis from the purely speculative and rationalistic to the emotional and volitional. The word moves in the realm of appreciations and utilities. So frequently, however, is this impersonal term used for realities properly personal that one is at times disposed to share the feeling of Luther when he loathed the word "homoousion." We are told that we ought not to covet the mere endlessness of the ashes on the hearth but rather the super-personal values of truth, morality, beauty, and completeness. But what are these apart from spiritual beings? Truth is our discovery of reality; morality is a

quality of our characters; beauty lies in our appreciations quite as truly as in objects, completeness is a category of mind. There are no values apart from personalities as their bearers. It is not values as such but personalities which are immortal.

Another substitute for the historic faith in personal survival of death is social immortality the persistence of our influence in the social structure. The possibility of a biological immortality we share with the animals; our physical descendants may perpetuate the life which is in us. In the case of man, however, we have social heredity, the transmission through the fellowship of one generation with another, of intellectual and spiritual gains. Thus a noble life enriches the social environment into which all future generations will be born. The good man joins the choir invisible and lives in a world made better by his presence. The truth of an immortality of influence is inspiring but it is not a satisfactory substitute for the hope of personal immortality.

If personality is the source of social influence, why kill the goose which lays the golden egg? We do well to conserve personality in order that, perchance, it may be a helpful force in a post-mundane society. Further, it is a widely accepted fact that our planet will not always be able to sustain human life. The time of its refrigeration or incineration may be millions of years away but it will eventually arrive. Where, then, will be the society which is entrusted with our immortality? The doctrine of social immortality, moreover, has serious ethical limitations.

The fundamental maxim of morality, according to Immanuel Kant, is so to act as to treat personality, whether in ourselves or in others, always as an end, and never as means only. This basic rule of all morality is set aside by those who would make individual personalities simply means to a better future social state. They make their plea on the basis of social ethics, while they themselves destroy the very foundation of all ethics. Every man is indeed a social force but he lives also in his own right. And the only way in which we can make personality an end in itself is by opening to it the gates of eternal life.

There is another substitute for the Christian hope of a future life which has impressive advocacy. It is absorption into the Whole-of-Things. Pantheism everywhere merges the life of man into the Infinite. Absolute idealists so magnify God as the one reality that individual personalities are fated to fall back as waves, risen for a moment, into the all-embracing sea. Bernard Bosanquet saw in "the spirit of totality" the one true clue to reality and he declared that what really mattered was not the preservation of separate minds as such, but the quality and achievement which as trustees for the universe they elicit from the resources assigned them. To us, it seems that such a conclusion involves a reversal of the cosmic process as it is revealed in human experience here. Through long eons God has toiled to produce personality. It begins in each of us in humble ways and unfolds through the years. The logic of the process is the perfection of personality beyond death. The destruc-

tion of personality by death involves a reversal of the divine activity inconceivable in an intellectually self-respecting God. The very uniqueness of each personality, in this universe of complex and infinite variety, is the demand for its continuance. Like Josiah Royce, "I wait until this mortal shall put on—Individuality."

V

The character of the future world has been the object of much human speculation. Gilgamesh of Babylonia, Ulysses of Ithaca, Dante of Italy, have given us reports of personal visitations. But despite their literary originality, we know that to them, as to Hamlet, the realm beyond death is the undiscovered country. The best pictures we can draw of that country are merely idealizations of the present life, therefore we speak of thrones and harps. Probably much of the present revolt against the idea of a future life is due to the childish literalism with which we have read oriental portrayals of the blessed life. The usual effect of descriptions of Heaven, whether by spiritualists or others, is to discourage all further desire to go there.

The futility of our previsions is due to the fact that experience is the basis of knowledge, and none of us as yet has had experience of a realm beyond death. The more that realm means, the less we can understand it now. The unborn child cannot know the meanings of our human life in youth, maturity, and old age. But in the actual unfoldings of experience all seems natural, beautiful, and divine. We can reason-

ably infer continuity with the present life and yet radical change. The unfoldings of eternal life in us will be the element of continuity, the external conditions of personality will be marked by revolution. Death is both an incident in an unbroken career and a cataclysmic event. This physical body with all its weaknesses will be laid aside and we shall be enclothed with what, for want of a better name, we call a spiritual body. The essential life of personality, there as here, will be progress in knowledge, fellowship, and service. And as for a local habitation, it is sufficient to think of the universe itself as our Father's House.

XI

IMMORTALITY ASSURED

BY

Rev. Nathan R. Wood, D.D.

President of Gordon College of Theology and Missions.

Professor Nathan Robinson Wood, President of Gordon College of Theology and Missions, Boston, Mass., since 1919, was born in Wyocena, Wis., and was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1901. He was a student at Harvard University 1894–96, and received his B.D. degree from Newton Theological Institution in 1906. In 1927 Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill., conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was minister of the West Medford Baptist Church from 1901 to 1911. He was then called to Gordon College and before becoming President, was Professor and Dean.

XI

IMMORTALITY ASSURED

THERE is no deeper instinct of man than this instinct for immortality. It is surpassed only by those profound intuitions that I exist and that God exists. It is equalled by the instinct which we call conscience, but by few other instincts.

Perhaps no deep feeling of mankind has ever received sublimer expression than this has received through Socrates in his last conversation just before his death, as recorded by Plato. It is a long conversation, but it is possible and, I think, fair to take from it, in order, its significant sentences of faith and reason about immortality. "Do you think that death is anything?" "Is it anything else than a liberation of soul from body?" "Much hope remains for him who arrives at that place to which I am now departing, that he shall there, if ever anywhere, sufficiently obtain that for the sake of which we take so much pains in the present life: so that the journey which is now assigned me will be accompanied with good hope." "But whether or not my exertions have been properly directed, and whether I have accomplished anything, I think, if Divinity pleases, I shall clearly know very shortly when I arrive thither." "I am persuaded that

I shall there meet with masters and companions not less good than such as are here." "For to me it seems that nothing is so certain, and that we have not assented to this through deception; but that there is such a thing in reality as reviving again; that the living are generated from the dead; that the souls of the dead have a subsistence; and that the condition of the good after this life will be better than at present; but of the evil, worse." "What do we call that which does not receive death?" "Immortal." "The soul does not receive death?" "It does not." "The soul therefore is immortal." "It is necessary to speak in this manner concerning that which is immortal; for, if that which is immortal is indestructible it is impossible that the soul, when death approaches it, should perish." "Since, therefore, that which is immortal is also incorruptible, will not the soul, since it is immortal, be indestructible?"

Egypt says the same thing. Not by her heavy pyramids, an earthly immortality of materialism, resting upon the bodies of Pharaohs, but by the inscriptions of undying faith in immortality engraved on private tombs.

The instinct for immortality seems universal. It lies deeper than any reasoning, although it may be translated into reasoning. It lies in the heart, which is deeper than the mind, and arguments express it before they support it. The great argument is: that such a universal and profound instinct cannot be deceived. The human race, when it speaks with such a voice on such a subject, cannot be wrong! And would God,

who made us, implant in us a deceptive instinct in this supreme matter? For surely it is an instinct from above. It is not an instinct arising from sin. And whatever some may think we inherit from the beasts, we do not inherit this instinct for immortality from below. It is from above. It is from man's highest nature. God implanted it. Would he implant a deceptive instinct?

But I want even more than this. This universal instinct is only my own instinct multiplied a million times and to that extent reënforced. I want my belief to be based on something even stronger than my instinct and that of all other men. I want to see and know the *fact* of immortality.

If such a fact appears, my instinct and that of others will meet this fact halfway, and instinct and fact will corroborate each other. The instinct will show the fact as altogether probable. The fact will fit and confirm the instinct, and set the seal of realism upon that mighty hypothesis of the soul.

I know such a fact, a Divine answer to the universal instinct.

It is that Jesus of Nazareth, who died at Jerusalem early in the first century, and was not only crucified, but was pierced to the heart by a Roman spear to make sure that he was dead, rose again on the third day. That is the marvellous Divine and human fact.

It is well attested. No fact in history is better attested. He talked with many friends. He appeared many times. He walked with friends to Emmaus, and in Galilee. He broke bread with them. They touched

him, He caught fish, and cleaned them, and gathered firewood on the beach of the Sea of Galilee, and cooked breakfast for His disciples. Many hundred met Him and heard Him. All of this was after He rose from the dead.

It was not hallucination or ecstasy on the part of the disciples. Some have suggested that the disciples were in an enthusiastic, prayerful, uplifted state, expecting to see Jesus risen from the dead, and what you expect to see you do see. But that is just what the disciples were not. They were all the very opposite of expectant. On the contrary, they were all unwilling. In every case they needed convincing. "Foolish, and slow of heart to believe," Jesus called the two on the way to Emmaus. The others disbelieved, when these two told them. "They were all terrified, and doubted, and supposed that they beheld a spirit," when He appeared to them in the upper room, until He convinced them in spite of themselves by letting them feel His flesh and bones, and by eating before them. One of them said, in substance, when he heard of this, "Unless I see the marks of the nails in His hands, and put my finger into those marks, and thrust my whole hand into the spear-wound in His side, I will not believe. I will not accept the testimony of any of you. I am a materialist. I am a realist. I am determined. I will not believe," and he did not believe until he touched Jesus' hands and his side. Another would not believe what any of them said. He put them in prison, and put them to death, for testifying that they had seen the risen Jesus, until he

himself met Jesus, and saw Him, and talked with Him, outside Damascus. They were all the opposite of ecstatic or expectant, and had to be convinced by most matter-of-fact evidence.

All of this was not by any possibility the testimony of witnesses intentionally or unintentionally false. That is not the way false witnesses testify. They do not put themselves in a bad light. It is all too natural and human. No false witnesses would have testified so uniformly to their own slowness, stupidity, coldness, and unwillingness to believe.

We know that Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified, brokenhearted, pierced, and buried, rose from the dead on the third day!

This is the overwhelming fact which has changed all things, the Divine answer to the universal instinct.

What wonderful realism this fact of the risen Christ brings into the Christian's belief in immortality. It moves with the resistless logic of life itself.

The first factor is that the risen Christ enters human lives, and raises the human soul in a true resurrection. "God, being rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead through our trespasses, made us alive together with Christ, and raised us up with him." I have seen it take place hundreds of times. By any one of countless types of experience men or women or children may open their lives to him, and let his life come in. It transforms sin and self and smallness and folly into a new life of freedom, love, wisdom, and power. It

brings peace instead of worry. It puts communion with a Father in place of terror before a Judge. It adds a new glamour to the beauty of all things, and a quiet confidence to one's outlook on time and eternity. It is a new life. It is a genuine resurrection of those human lives. "Raised us up together with Christ," says Paul. "This my son was dead, and is alive again," says the Father of the prodigal. "Born again," says Jesus to Nicodemus. That is what I have seen happen many times when the risen Christ enters human lives. It is His own resurrection life in them. I believe in immortality. I have seen it, here and now, in myself and others.

It might seem that this is as far as we need to go. For this is the assurance not only of continued existence, but of triumphant eternal life. But the reality goes much further. For now comes the tremendous logic of Jesus and the New Testament, and of His resurrection in human lives. The second factor is that the same risen life of Jesus which has raised our souls must at last inevitably raise our bodies also! Soul and body are not two things, with a chasm between them, as older centuries thought. They are one life. They were not meant to be torn apart. Death is unnatural. If the risen life of the Son of God has raised our souls, can our bodies stay dead forever? The resurrection of the body is the inevitable outcome of the entrance of the risen Christ into the soul.

"But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you, He that raised Christ

Jesus from the dead shall give life also to your mortal bodies through His Spirit that dwelleth in you."

There never was logic stronger than that. First, the risen Jesus. Then, his risen life in the soul. Then, at last, the risen body of the believer. "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live." This is the last word! This is absolute realism. This is the visible fact of immortality. The life in us now, if the risen Christ dwells in us, is God's life. It is immortal life. It is risen life. "He that heareth my word, and believeth Him that sent me, hath eternal life, and hath passed out of death into life." Nothing could be clearer than that. "Because I live, ye shall live also." That is supreme, absolute Reality.

The universal instinct for immortality leaps to meet the almighty fact of resurrection, as the reality which it has always sought. And the fact sets its Divine seal upon the universal instinct.

I know what to say before the open tomb, when the mind gropes and the heart fails: "'I am the resurrection and the life', said Jesus; 'he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live.'" The instinct of immortality leaps out of darkness and wreck to cling to that supreme Reality.

I have heard a minister, in the house of mourning, say, "Before the dark mystery of death we can only wonder. We can only hope that beyond the veil of death there is some reality for us." The men of Athens and Egypt will rise up in the judgment against

us if that is all that we can say. For we have the Divine Fact of a Risen Christ.

There is no other real immortality. Men talk of the earthly immortality of genius or of influence. What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world of art or of thought and lose his own soul!

Said Michael Angelo:

> Those amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed,
> What are they when the double death is nigh?
> The one I know for sure, the other dread.
> Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
> My soul that turns to His great love on high,
> Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread.

Two of us sat long one day before that masterpiece of John La Farge and of American art, the great window of the Resurrection of Jesus, and marvelled at the genius which could embody that scene in immortal colour and form. "Yes," we said, "but best of all, John La Farge himself knows the risen Christ." The next morning the newspaper said that the famous artist, John La Farge, had died the day before. Painting and sculpture, form and colour, earthly immortality, had passed away. But he knew the risen Christ.

The quiet majesty of Socrates' thinking is justified. "The soul does not receive death." "The soul is immortal." "It is impossible that the soul, when death approaches it, should perish." "Will not the soul, since it is immortal, be indestructible?"

The soaring vision of Job finds more than its fulfilment. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at last upon the earth. And though worms destroy this body, yet without my flesh shall I see God."

The voice of human consciousness is not wrong. God has not deceived us. The Divine Fact answers the instinct and vision of men. And it is a far higher and more glorious answer than we had ever dreamed.

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die. Believest thou this?"

Yes, Lord! That is "my belief in immortality."

XII

THE FASHION OF ETERNITY

BY

Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D.

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Rev. Charles Frederic Aked, D.D., LL.D., minister of Plymouth Congregational Church, Los Angeles, since 1924, was born in Nottingham, England, and educated in Midland Baptist College, and Union College, Nottingham. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Temple College and Brown University. The University of Nevada and Drury College conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. He was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1886, and after three English pastorates, became minister of Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City. From there he became minister of First Congregational Church, San Francisco, then, of the First Congregational Church, Kansas City, leaving Kansas City for his present pastorate.

XII

THE FASHION OF ETERNITY

"And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." —I John 2:17.

"And the world, with its cravings, is passing away; but he who does the will of God lives in eternity."—Suggested Reading.

Let us try to understand the words we use. The technical explanation may be a little tiresome, but if it is careful and if it carries conviction the old words will become luminous with new and wonderful meanings. The world passeth away, says the text. The word for "world" is "cosmos." And when Tennyson says

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,

he amplifies in his own manner, blending philosophy, poetry, and high prophecy, the plain prose of the text from John. When you read this statement of the loved apostle, you are not to think of the world of the geographer or the geologist; you are to think of the

"order" of the English poet. You are not to think of the day of wrath seen in the blood-red nightmare of frenzied seers, of a day when the earth shall be consumed with liquid flame and the heavens rolled up as a scroll and flung aside. Better call to mind the dictionary definition of the word "cosmos": "order —good order, good behaviour, decency"; and then, "a set form or order, the mode or fashion of a thing"; and then only, "the universe considered as an ordered scheme," and in contrast with what we call chaos. It is the cosmos which John said was passing, the order of things in which he lived, the forms of government, the constitution of society, and the customs and conventions which composed his world. So might men have spoken in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. So, indeed, they did speak in America and on the Continent of Europe. "Let us erect a standard to which the wise and good can repair," said George Washington; "the issue will be in the hands of God." George III lost his colonies and the American Republic was born—for the blessing of mankind. "The nations of Europe are leagued against France," said Danton, the man of the too tremendous metaphors; "we accept their challenge and throw at their feet in gage of battle the head of a king." Louis XVI lost his life and the French Republic was born—likewise for the blessing of mankind. On either side of the Atlantic it was the break-up of the old order; it was the emergence of the new. That cosmos was doomed, and to all timorous and flocking souls and those that loved not the daylight it seemed

as though chaos had come again. The world, in John's meaning of the word, that world, the world of people-eating kings and perjured priests and people born as sheep to be shorn and slain, was passing by. The powers that preside over the destinies of nations finished a chapter of human history, mounting to a climax, and rounding off the final sentence with a full stop. The next chapter began with a new world.

Before our own eyes, within these last ten years, a world, a cosmos, has been shattered. The world of my day, the world I left behind me when I sailed from Liverpool sixteen years ago, has gone; and it can never come back again. Neither this generation nor any generation which will come after us will pick up the pieces and put them together again, even on a different pattern. You broke the power of Germany and sent the throne of the Kaiser tumbling to the dust. But you broke and ended much besides. I cannot find the world I used to know. But short views are false views. "Happy thought! Let's take short views of life," is good enough as a maxim for summer days in forest, field, or seashore, when the soul makes holiday, But in world-business, in the rise and fall of empires, in the destruction of age-old tyrannies and the upheaval of new democracies, in the surge and beat of cosmic forces which bring light out of darkness, order out of chaos, and peace from the blood-red agony of war, he who takes short views will take false views, and justify the keen reproach that the only lesson history teaches is that nobody

ever learns it. The world I knew has passed away; he who does the will of God abides forever.

John spoke of his own time. His world, the world in which he lived, was passing away. He himself, though he saw it only dimly, was hastening the break-up of the old system and mightily preparing for the coming of a new. The world which he knew best, the world in which he was born, the world of Judaism, was passing away. He could not see that nearly twenty centuries after his dust returned to the earth and his spirit to God who gave it, the Jew without a country, without a government, without a national law, and, indeed, without a nation, would be triumphant in the gates of his enemies, prosperous and dominant in laws and governments and nations throughout the world. He did not see this. What he did see was that Jerusalem had been destroyed by Roman armies, that the heathen had encamped in the holy city, and that the inheritance of Jacob was a prey to the jackal and wolf. The world, he said, is passing by. Of the other world, the world which seemed to have swept this world of Judaism back to chaos, John knew something. He knew Ephesus, the life of Greece, beautiful in disease, and in corruption destined to immortality. He knew nothing of her immortality; he saw that death reigned in her mortal frame, and he said that the world of Greece was doomed. He knew—he could not help but know—something of Rome. The tramp of her legions was over all the earth. In every village, as along every post road, were the visible evidences of her divine

instinct of empire. He knew nothing of her divine instinct. He knew that the old strength which had been born of piety and fidelity was departed from Rome. He knew that in the City of the Seven Hills sat a throned monster who was at once a priest, an atheist, and a god. And he knew that the sentence pronounced in the heavens could not fail of execution on the earth. And he said, "The world is passing away."

So much for one phrase. Let us try another. "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." And that "forever" is a glorious word, far more glorious than you who are forever using it, know and who think that it is "forever." With the tautology of emphasis we say in our English speech, "forever and forever"; but the Greek said, "to the ages of the ages." "Life eternal," says our English text; "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent," and Tennyson transliterates it, not translates it, "life æonial," and of these æons or ages demands, concerning the making of man, "Shall not æon after æon pass and mould him into shape?"

I wish I could make it clear. I would do much to make it clear. The idea of everlastingness is not the governing idea of the word. The idea of duration is not all nor even chief. The word is big with conceptions which mock at the mechanical notions of duration and transcend time. The conservative may live in the past, the radical in the future, and the person who claims to be practical and nothing else

may live in the present. But what if I tell you that I live not in the past, nor in the present, nor in the future, but in eternity, and demand that every discussion of the future life shall be conducted in the present tense? He that doeth the will of God lives—not shall live but *does* live—in eternity, in the ages of the ages. I know that it is difficult to explain it completely. If it were not difficult, do you think it would not have been explained long ago? You cannot reduce Eternity to kindergarten words. Perhaps we shall see it better if we abandon definitions and come to cases. But try to grasp the idea that it is more a question of quality than of quantity. It is a question of a quality of life so high and deep that you cannot make it local, topographical, and transient. It has to do with causes that crown the centuries, with principles that are older than protoplasm and more lasting than the Pleiades, with elemental and primeval things, indestructible and infinite, the life of God in the soul of man! If God has set eternity in my heart, I will not be satisfied to swim in a pool; I want the ocean. And when I live in eternity I sail the shoreless seas of God.

There are exalted moods in which the hardest and coldest of us feel ourselves one with the physical universe. We are one with the solemn mountain peaks, one with the brave old pines, with the noble, placid river, the green encircling hills, one with the dimly distant stars and the slanting moonbeams on the unresting sea. In a book of hints to ocean

travellers much loved of passengers on their first voyage one finds an intimation that it is not good form to talk sentiment if the moon happens to be anywhere near the full; that in the old days the sentimental person was thrown overboard, and that a good custom should not have been allowed lightly to fall to disuse. To be sure. It is good form to gamble on the day's run, treasure the hints about your next year's fashions you picked up in Paris, and conspire to defraud your native land of customs dues. But the sentimentalist ought to be drowned. Believe me, it is not less sentiment we want, but more; and the sentimentalist has a mission to a money-loving age. I, for one, will do honour to the man or woman who feels deeply, and as deeply dares to be known to feel. Shall I sniff audibly throughout the last act of a mock-heroic play in a London theatre, and furtively keep my handkerchief ready between the pages of the latest novel of the weeping-willow variety, but shame to have it known that suns and stars and stellar spaces, old ocean in his glory, and the mighty mountains, purple breasted, bring me thoughts that lie too deep for tears? Matthew Arnold is usually self-contained enough for the strongest of us, but he, the most religious of unbelievers, lost in wonder, love, and praise between ocean depths and star-gemmed sky, utters himself in the devoutest of pagan prayers:

"Ah, once more," I cried, "Ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

If you have never felt yourself caught up and carried out of yourself; if you have never felt as though you were being absorbed in the great wonderful universe and becoming immortal like to it, may the Lord have mercy on your prosy little soul! Go home and pray that the good God will help you to feel again! I have quoted Matthew Arnold as a religious unbeliever. But what have you to say of Shelley—Atheist Shelley, as his generation dubbed him? He could feel that this vastness had immortality hidden at its heart. For him it robbed death of its sting and the grave of its bitterness. In the physical universe he found an eternity of spirit. Keats died, and you know how Shelley sang of him:

> He is made one with Nature: there is heard
> His voice in all her music, from the moan
> Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
> He is a presence to be felt and known
> In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
> Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
> Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
> Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
> Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is not far from the Kingdom who can feel that physical phenomena and the order of nature and the song of birds and the stars in their courses rebuke the boastings of death. And God is not forever removed from us when the heaven and the earth which He has made call us from a cosmos that is passing away to live in eternity.

This is high, and it may be that some will ask: How shall I attain unto it? But I invite you to rise to the contemplation of yet higher things. Unless we have wholly misread the greatest spirits of the apostolic group, and wholly misunderstood the mind that was in Christ, it is clear that we shall not best live our lives here and now in time unless here and now we are living in eternity. The practical business of life, the adjustment of conduct to circumstance in an ever-changing world, is to us an education in righteousness when we live in principles and causes and the march of deathless generations and movements that roll back the tide of human sin. Let us see. In the world of moral effort we meet the Idealist whose sublime head strikes the stars and who tramples human hearts beneath his feet. He lifts up his eyes above the mountains and he does not know of any healing ministry for the devil-haunted child in the crowded street. The Corn-Law rhymer in England eighty years ago described a type of philanthropist with whom our generation is scarcely less familiar:

> Their noble souls have telescopic eyes
> Which see the faintest speck of distant pain;
> While at their feet a world of agonies,
> Unseen, unheard, unheeded, pleads in vain.

With better intentions and purer life, the Idealist may yet fritter away his strength in endeavour as futile. But in the world of moral effort we meet still more often the person who thinks himself practical and takes pride from his belief. He will not look to the

far-off future; no, not he! He is not going to sow the seed and wait for after ages to reap the harvest. He tells you that he wants results. He wants crops. He wants to get there and to get there "right away." He is the get-rich-quick of the world of altruism, philanthropy, and reform. If he is called to preside over the councils of a great nation, the best you can say of him is that he is an extempore statesman, a statesman trying to set the world right by rule of thumb, profoundly ignorant of the nature of the forces with which he is playing, and proudly indifferent to the far-reaching, age-long, world-wide consequences of his acts. This is the best you can say of him—if you are a patient and sweet-natured person; but if you are not, why, you say something besides your prayers. A man may mean well. But men and nations need to avoid the devil's short cuts to a desired end.

What then? The Idealist may be a failure and the practical man a fool. What we want is the practical man who lives by the power of the ideal. Often he has to work in the dark; slowly he gropes through the broadening dawn. But he sees the light and whence it flows. And he knows that each steady step is toward the rising sun. He has certain principles. They may be few, but they are sufficient. They are clear-cut, firm-footed, four-square to all the winds that blow; and they are safe. He knows, as the world knows, that this same world is not ready to apply those principles immediately and universally to the whole round of human conduct. But he knows

what the world does not—that these are the principles by which alone men live, and that the nations which will not adopt them God sends down to destruction. He, too, is an Idealist of purest type; but he will labour night and day to apply his principles where and when he can, winning from the unprincipled, anarchic world here a little, there a little, and every little looking to the one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves. Do you tell me that he is living in each little act, each little step, each little gain of justice upon injustice, each day's work well done? I tell you, no. He is living in the whole, the good, and the beautiful. He is living in eternity. Wisdom is always justified of her children. "Rhapsodizing" you are permitted to call such preaching as this; and if you can show that it will not work out right in practice, you are justified in calling it rant. And the ranter in the pulpit belongs to a vanishing age. This works out right. It is stimulus to action and salvation from despair. It is easy to excuse the pusillanimity of a passing panic so long as you are assured that it is passing. When Jesus suffered the rough hands of the Temple police to drag Him from Olivet to the high priest's court, to Pilate's judgment hall and Herod's barracks; when He suffered the Roman soldier to lacerate His back with the horrible flagellum, to nail Him to a cross to die in the darkness, and to crown Him in derision with agonizing thorns, it is sad, but it is not shameful, that fear paralyzed every other emotion in the breasts of His disciples, so that they all forsook Him and fled. This

was the hour and the power of darkness and sin. Look out upon the world of wickedness paraded with scare-heads in every edition of the daily press. Let your mind take an Asmodeus flight over great teeming cities where Satan's seat is. Give your imgination reins for a minute or two, and visualize the piled-up infamy of night which affronts the Living God. The mind reels before the appalling vision. But, I tell you again, if you take narrow views you will take false views. You are not to think of yourself, solitary and powerless in a universe of sin, nor of your effort, begun in the morning and abandoned at night, as an isolated and abnormal wonder, unrelated to the ceaseless beneficence of God. That way madness lies—and the Gehenna of the inefficient. But broaden out your view, swing into line with the ages, and live in eternity. Your every single stroke for God and goodness has the universe on its side. Your day's work is a part of the eternal order. If the battle is not won to-day, it will be another day. Our campaign is for the centuries. We have time to win. We have plenty of time. We have all the time there is. And there is nothing there is so much of as time. I am immortal until my work is done, and my work is immortal after that.

> But time flies, they urge; live now or never!
> He said, "What's time? Leave Now to dogs and apes;
> Man has Forever!"

Temporary discouragement there may be for us, for are we not human? But despair, by the grace of God,

there shall not be to those who will live in eternity.

Men and women of to-day, children of the unresting energies of the twentieth century, I would have you choose. "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." 'Tis sad for the apostle he has deserted and sadder for the world; but for Demas it is saddest of all. But we are one with the conquering ages of the ages, and we live in eternity. We are one with the prophets and apostles, with martyrs and saints. We are one with the reformers and the light-bringers and the banner-bearers of the race. Before Abraham was we are, and when the world is won for Christ and every knee is bent before Him and every tongue proclaims His name, we still shall be. "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death." Choose, if you will, the broad path and the narrow soul. Choose the world's passion for bigness, and the little faith, the little hope, the little love. Choose the world and its cravings that pass away. Or choose the life that triumphs over death and is life indeed. Choose life which is of the fashion of eternity. Christ is here, that we may have life, and may have it abundantly.

XIII

IF THE DEAD RISE NOT

BY

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Rev. James Percival Huget, D.D., minister of Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., since 1917, was born in Ft. Dodge, Iowa, and received the degree of M.D. from Iowa State Teachers' College; the degree of Ph.B. from State University of Iowa; the degree of A.M. from Coe College, Iowa, and the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Coe College. He was a teacher of the public schools of Iowa during 1892–99, and professor in Coe College during 1899–1902. He was ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1903. He held pastorates in Grand Rapids, The Central Church, Galesburg, Ill., and First Church, Detroit.

XIII

IF THE DEAD RISE NOT

In I Corinthians 15:32 Paul says, "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die."

Guarding against the danger of taking too much time in introductory statements, we shall not stop to inquire just what grim and unforgettable experience lay back of these words of the Great Apostle of the Resurrection. It is enough simply to note that again and again Paul had staked the whole of life upon his Christian belief. Here he is staking not only the whole of the life that now is, but every hope and anticipation of another and larger life beyond upon that same far-reaching Christian faith.

We shall pause only for a moment to note two possible renderings of the striking and suggestive Scriptural passage. The variation is not a matter of words and their meanings, but of punctuation. It depends upon the balance of thought. It is determined by the place where the sentences divide. One reading is, "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the

dead rise not?" He means, What is the profit of so great hope and so desperate striving if it be but to prolong for a few days or years a burdened and battered life? The other reading puts the period earlier: "What advantageth it me? If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink and be merry; for to-morrow we die." It really means the same thing whichever way it is punctuated. The shade of emphasis varies, but the real thought is the same.

What impressed Paul was the utter triviality of the alternative. It seemed to him such a pitiful anticlimax. He says, "If that is all there is to life, let us toss it off and be done with it."

He says, "If there are no big things in life, then let us accept the little." And the old warrior would not only accept it, he would make the littleness of it as great as littleness might be. Something, anyway, he would get out of the petty years. Every gallant soul will respond. If the sum of all our living, and striving, the outcome of our mighty hopes and lofty longings, is nothing but speedy and final extinction, then let us at least throw the meaningless hours away with a gallant gesture.

But Paul steadfastly refuses to believe, as we also must refuse to believe if we have aught of his temper in us, that so great a thing as the human spirit can be satisfied with so pitiful a destination.

F. W. Boreham speaks of the tonic of big things. "Immensity is a magnificent medicine. That is why doctors send us to the seaside. We forget the tiddly-winking in the contemplation of the tremendous."

St. Paul, after the "if the dead rise not" of his question, swings into one of the sublimest passages in all the literature of the ages: "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain, but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. . . . Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on

immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

There is the "magnificent medicine of immensity." There is the sweep of the sublime, the reach of the immeasurable, the call and challenge of the infinite and the eternal.

Note this, first of all: What such a faith as the Christian belief in the resurrection and the future life does by way of dignifying human experience. If the dead rise not, then let us eat and drink and be merry: for to-morrow we die. Let us snap our fingers bravely in the grim face of death, knowing in our hearts that it is all bravado, for the thing comes sure and soon.

But if these years are part of a greater and more glorious destiny, if our present pilgrimage has as its destiny the highest of heavenly life, if the dead do rise in newness of life, if there lies before the deathless spirit a career of infinite possibility and attainment, then the whole experience is exalted—the whole experience, the present as well as the beyond, for the significance of the resurrection hope is not limited to the possibility of life after death: it involves rather the recognition of the life which now is in its endlessness. Immortality is not something that is to be; it is something that already is. So the years that now are, instead of being but a fast-passing triviality, become a part of the whole soul career, a part of the exalted biography of an eternal destiny. The magnificence of immortality is imparted to the otherwise pitiable years of human life. The doctrine

of the resurrection does not take aught from human life as we know it, to transfer it to the hopes, however eager and splendid, of the unknown beyond; rather, it does but add immeasurably to the worth and meaning of our earthly years, requiring that thereafter they shall be interpreted and valued in the light of the soul's deathlessness.

It is not sound philosophy or a true religion which despises or undervalues the present. I cannot agree with Dr. Young in his "Night Thoughts," when he says, "Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death alone can heave the massy bar and set us free." No, we are already free; we have passed from death unto life; the present is prophetic of the future, and takes its meaning and value from the future's greatness. All of life, let it be repeated, is ennobled and dignified by the tremendous belief in immortality.

And, in the second place, this idea of a soul career embracing the life that now is, and a continued and greatening life to come, is linked with what I have been saying during these years, that the Kingdom of God is power; that it is spiritual life in operation; that it is divine life working in the souls of men.

That power is not to be baffled by a germ of disease or a sudden fall, or the shout of an enemy on the field of battle. That power of God, that spiritual endeavour, that divine and redeeming love, is destined to work on, to mold and shape our spirits, to perfect in us the wondrous work begun, to fashion us anew, to change us from glory to glory as by the spirit of the Lord.

There is a sort of divine humour in the cross! It seems so complete an end, so utter a defeat. And the resurrection only three days away! The triumph of death seemed so complete, but lo! death itself was swallowed up in victory.

The instinctive response of the heart of mankind to the resurrection shows how truly that human heart in its high moments chooses between the triviality of "If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink and be merry: for to-morrow we die," and the tremendousness of "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept."

President King somewhere says, "Our claim on life is too great for the finite ever to satisfy it." God has planned larger things for the souls of men than can be accomplished in an earthly lifetime. Beginnings are made which demand continuance. Prophecies are embodied in life which must have living fulfilment. There must be room and space and opportunity for on-goings and out-workings and completions. More time is imperative. Immortality is a moral necessity.

Before I close I wish to go a step further, to emphasize the resurrection and the proclamation by it of the future life as a normal human experience. The resurrection of Christ was unusual; it was unique; it was miraculous. And yet, it was not contrary to those laws which govern human life. It is just because it was a normal human experience that, instead of being separate from our destiny, it forms the basis for our conviction that "Because He lives, we shall

live also." This is what Paul means by the great "If," which is to be found in this chapter. It is in the 13th verse, "But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen." That is to say, resurrection is a normal human experience, and the resurrection of Christ who identified Himself with the entirety of human life must be in accordance with that normal human experience. If there is no place in human life as God has established it for resurrection, then Christ is not risen.

In the incarnation we have the glory of the divine adventure. Here was the one enterprise worth while for the adventurous God. Christ, entering into our human life, took all His risks, from the cradle to the cross. Yea, and of the grave! He took all the risk, the whole risk of human life, the risk of death, our kind of death. That it is which makes so solemn the statement that He took all our experience. That it is which makes so absolute the words of Paul, "But if there is no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen," and the repetition in the 16th verse, "For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised."

But over and against this is the shout of Paul's mighty affirmation in verse 20, "But now is Christ risen from the dead," and sweeping on from that great affirmation, he blends with linked logic and impassioned eloquence the superb arguments of the great resurrection chapter.

Of course if you do not believe in the resurrection of Christ, Paul's argument is of no avail, and this paper, based on that argument, useless. If the records

as we have them in the New Testament are not to be given acceptance, if the faith of the Church through the centuries can be lightly accounted for and swept aside, if the fact of Christian civilization can in some other sufficient way be accounted for, if the personal experience by millions of men of the presence in their lives of the living Christ can be set aside as insufficient evidence, then this resurrection message has not worth or meaning. You may bundle up this whole book and throw it into the waste basket, but with it you must throw the New Testament; with it you must throw all that is precious in literature, and art, and law, and civilization of the modern world; with it you must throw comfort for broken hearts; with it you must throw hope wherewith men may face the shadows as night comes down.

The faith of the world is not to be so easily set aside. There is surety in the deep instinct of the human heart. We will hold to our belief until one glad day it becomes wondering and joyous sureness.

Upon what basis, then, do you prefer to build life? Upon what faith will you stake the present and the future? Face to face with the great hope, the great faith, the great conviction of the resurrection, we must either ignore it all and live on in a life that knows only the present, or else we must definitely choose, and consciously shape our lives on one or the other of two theories: that we must hereafter die, and die utterly, going into oblivion and nothingness, ceasing wholly and forever to be, or that we must hereafter live.

Upon what plan, then, shall we live? We know life's brevity; we have experienced its sorrows; we have tested its trials and its troubles. If that is all—well, let us get what we can out of it! It is pretty small; not worth much; disappointing, but still let us mock it, deride it, laugh in the face of death. Let us eat and drink and be merry. But if, on the other hand, we build our lives upon a theory not so trivial, but upon the magnificence of big things, upon the heart's highest hopes, upon the soul's surest instincts, upon the defiant declaration of the open grave, upon the great "Now is Christ risen from the dead," then life takes on immensity, meaning, and everlasting glory.

XIV

WHY I BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY

BY

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Rev. Lewis H. Keller, D.D., was born in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, 1858. His training comprised a year in Valparaiso University (Indiana); four years in Adrian College (Michigan); three years in Yale Divinity School, and a summer session of Chicago University. Degree of B.D., Yale, 1889; D.D., Ripon College (Wis.), 1909. Held pastorates in Minneapolis, Minn., and in Milwaukee, Edgerton, and Fond Du Lac, Wis. General Superintendent of Wisconsin Congregational Conference six years, and of Extension Work of Congregational Home Missionary Society in seven states of the Southeast eight years. He was president of Atlanta Theological Seminary since September, 1925, and member of the Executive Committee, 1912 to 1918, representing three states of the Middle West. Dr. Keller was editor of *Congregational Church Life* (Wis.) eight years and of the *Southern Congregationalist* seven years.

XIV

WHY I BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY

The subject of immortality is as new as the last born child that opens its eyes on our beautiful world. It is as old as the first aspiration for endless being that stirred in the human heart back in the dim, dim ages. Every human being who has ever lived or now lives is a plea and an argument for immortality. It concerns the radiant youth to whom the future years seem long, not less than the aged man who longs for some future fruition of the toil and trouble and sorrow of his few brief years.

It is requested that this chapter record the writer's experience and faith on the subject of immortality. This request rightly assumes that in the personal there is somewhat that is impersonal and universal even as a single ray of light tells the story of flaming suns.

This, then, is my story:

Faith in a future life was an inheritance from childhood. The form of it was the traditional view of a rural church and home—Heaven, hell, an eternal state of bliss or woe irrevocably fixed at death. Two

things in this simple, traditional faith stood out clearly and stand out now: that the soul continues its existence after death, and that the character of the future life is determined by the character developed in the earth-life.

This boyhood faith, so natural and real, went abroad into the wider world. It went to academy, college, university. It had to reckon with widening horizons, enlarged views of life, scientific processes of thought. It must die or be domiciled in a new world and a universe infinitely vast, complex, mysterious. This beautiful faith developing from childhood stood the test, and, like the simple faith of all the Christian centuries, grew to the proportion of a stalwart manhood. It has struggled and strengthened through the passing years. Flaming hells and literal heavens with waving palms and golden streets have gone, but the faith they imperfectly expressed lives on still.

And it is no longer a hesitant, apologetic faith. It is unabashed in the philosopher's study, or the laboratory of the scientist. It does not fear the revelations of test tube, microscope, telescope, or scientific and mathematical processes. It may almost be said that faith in immortality has moved over into the realm of fact, albeit facts established by a group of satisfying evidences on the higher ranges of the human spirit.

The doubts with which this faith in immortality struggled are those that meet every thinking man in this scientific age. And more, they leaven the thinking of the man of the street, and, if they do not entirely overthrow his faith, they weaken its affirma-

tions and blur the clear outline of its far-flung horizons.

These things that challenged the writer's faith in immortality are doubtless a challenge to many:

First, the vastness of the universe. The world always did seem big. To Jew and Greek it was filled with wonders. Still, it was reasonably cozy. In that simple scheme of things, provisions were made for man's future heaven, with a possible place to punish wicked folk. In the thought of that time God had one world to manage and could get along very well. He could give His world all needed attention, and answer the prayers of His believing children. Then science came, and in the last fifty years its discoveries have been given to the people. Science tells us that the milky way is a galaxy of stars, from ten billion to a trillion. And there are thousands of these galaxies in the heavens above us. Also, the microscope opens up to us the universe of the little things that the eye cannot see. The earth becomes a little speck tossed out into space, a drop of water in the ocean, a grain of sand on the seashore. Compared with the universe, the earth, man's home, is like a grain of sand. Why, then, should the inhabitant of this tiny bit of matter expect to go out into the universe, a son of the infinite God, and live forever? At first thought, the conception of immortality for so insignificant a being in this boundless universe of suns and worlds seems not to fit as it did in the one big, homey world that gave man so much dignity and worth.

Second, the universal reign of law has tended to

make the universe seem a mechanism and man the result of the play of cosmic forces. At first it was so presented as to exclude human freedom and responsibility. Man seems to become an automaton, and not a free being choosing his course and determining a destiny that reaches out into the eternal years. The Hebrew conception of the world, which made possible and inevitable prophets, apostles, and the Christ, was replaced by a mechanistic conception of the universe that left no room for the free action of immortal spirits or even the creative and governing intelligence of God. In such an atmosphere faith in immortality tends to sicken and die.

Third, the recently discovered relation of body and mind vexed faith in the future life. The new physiology and psychology have invaded the domain of body and soul. Man had been to himself an unknown world. The physician had studied the body to heal diseases, and the psychologist had studied the mind from the standpoint of the human consciousness. They healed the body and analyzed, in a general way, mental phenomena, leaving religious ideas untouched, and not disturbing the Hebrew conception of the body as the temple or house of the soul which it might some day abandon for a statelier temple, a house with apartments more complete and enduring. That was a comfortable way of thinking about the subtle and unknown relation of body and mind. The body would wear out and then the soul would move out. A spiritual body would be provided for the soul and continue, even more advantageously,

its endless career. Then came the disclosure of the fact that mental changes and activities were intimately related to physical changes in the brain and nervous system. Since there could be no thought or feeling without corresponding changes in the body, it was not difficult to conclude that the soul could not function apart from the brain in which it seemed to have its origin. When the body, as a material organism, ceased to function, there was no further evidence of the separate continued existence of the soul. Immortality was a pleasing superstition that withered before scientific facts.

Thus, the man who has lived and thought his way through the last fifty years has faced, as they bear upon the doctrine of immortality, these three newly worked-out conceptions: the vastness of the universe, the reign of law, and an intimacy of soul and body that seemed to make the continued existence of the soul impossible when the body ceased to function. A vast universe which made man insignificant; an ordered universe which made man a temporary cog in an infinitely complex machine; a soul which, at the death of the body, became but a passing memory, a ghost without a habitation or a name. Small wonder is it that multitudes in this generation have given up faith in immortality, or held it as a form of thought which had no meaning, no uplifting power.

To the writer, these things challenged his Christian faith in the future life. They were not an eclipse but fleeting clouds. Even so, a cloud which temporarily dims and may eclipse the light which shines in the

soul from the eternal city is a serious thing. The reader may care to know how these difficulties were overcome. The clouds passed away before such considerations as these:

First, the integrity of the universe. The new light on the universe which brought the cloud, dispelled it. Science is possible because the universe plays the game fair. Trillions and trillions of worlds fly through space at incredible velocities, but they seldom clash. Two mighty suns swung close to each other two billion years ago, and the sun which swung near our own sun attracted from it eight portions of our sun and sent them adrift in space. They became the eight planets of which our beautiful earth is one. What seems a mistake among the stars is but a higher law, creative and beneficent. Through the long cycles of time the scientist traces an ordered beauty which fills his soul with wonder. Man is born out of the very heart of the universe, and carries with him in his deeper instincts the integrity of that out of which he came.

In the very heart of his being he carries the conviction that he will live on after death. This was not taught him by priests. It makes priests and may unmake them. This conviction in the soul of man, developing with his development, coming to larger power as man rises in the scale of being, comes up from God through nature. It is as real as rock or star, as sea or flower, and more significant and beautiful than any of these. Will it mock man? Will it deceive him? Is there this malevolence at the very heart of the

universe? It cannot be. The larger knowledge which science gave made the cloud of doubt. The still larger knowledge of the universe registered in the heart of man drives the cloud away. If man is not immortal, then through the long ages nature has mocked him. It cannot be; nature plays the game fair with man. The integrity of the universe is the guarantee of man's immortality. The universality of law and order is the guarantee of man's immortality.

Second, the vastness of the universe is matched by the human personality. God is concerned with quality as well as with mass. The scientist who measures the stars is greater than the stars. The mind and its directing will, going abroad among stars and galaxies, is greater than they. And the vaster the universe which man has discovered, the vaster and more significant his intellect. The man looking through the telescope is more than the spaces his thought travels and the masses he measures and weighs. Shakespeare, looking up through modern eyes at the heavens above him, would exclaim with added emphasis, "What a piece of work is man!" And the psalmist, regarding the scientist's universe with his devout mind, would exclaim with warmer spiritual fervour, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" The vaster the universe, the clearer the title to immortality of the beings who can think such a universe. And is it not to be expected that such a being would live on to share with his Maker the wonders into which he has been born and has lived? It is quality that counts with God. The diamond

which you hold between your thumb and finger may be worth more than a thousand tons of coal, more than a hundred farms. The gray matter of man's brain may be more significant than a million suns.

Third, we are led by this to think of personality. We know nothing in this or any world higher than the human personality. Human life is the crown of all life and personality is, so far as we can see, the climax of all that we know in the universe. It took two billion years to prepare the globe for man. It took millions of years to develop life on this globe. It took hundreds of thousands of years to develop man, to lift up his cramped skull, to create brain and nerves, to give him mastery of the world. What is this all for? Is God building play houses for the pleasure of tumbling them down? Is God busy blowing soap bubbles? Man's lineage is befitting an immortal. His achievement in worship and prayer and thinking, the God he worships, and the universe in which he lives, create a reasonable assurance that he will live on to complete the marvellous career upon which he has entered.

Fourth, the character of God is guarantee that man will live on to fulfil the destiny for which he is created. Even if you speak of God as "a Power that makes for righteousness," or "the Determiner of destiny," or "the Architect of the world," you still would expect this being to honour man's place as an immortal being. But when we speak of God as Father, guiding and caring for those who partake of His

nature, we proclaim a kinship with Him that becomes the promise and pledge of our immortality.

Fifth, the crowning consideration which dispels the last doubt about immortality is Jesus Christ and His resurrection. This fact has created the Church of God and changed the course of history. He was the best interpretation of God the world has had or will have.

Great is Science! We stand with unsandalled feet before this power which is liberating thought and blessing mankind. But a Greater than Science is here. Jesus is the highest revelation of life and God. We really have not seen suns, mountains, seas, continents, races till we see them through His eyes. His is ever the last word on history and the ultimate realities of the universe. It is not God, Christ, and immortality in the light of science, but scientific and philosophic conclusions in the light of God and Christ and the resulting fact of immortality. You may discount life's interpretations by a great living mathematician, a writer of history and novels, and a great criminal lawyer. They seem not to have heard the voice of the Supreme Teacher of all the ages. An eminent minister visited the estate, the dreamland, of a well-known naturalist. He talked with him about life, history, and the world. When he went away he said of the naturalist: "He has not met the Gardener."

Jesus healed the sick, raised the dead, stilled the tempest, walked upon the water. It would be superstition to say such things of Pilate, Herod, or the High

Priest. Jesus was the one normal, perfect man of all time, and He said: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions." "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." And His beloved disciple wrote: "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

We shall never cease to be thankful for the courageous, self-denying scientists who push aside the veil and give us inspiring views of our own and other worlds. They heal the sick, enlighten the mind, reveal the handiwork of God, throw many of the burdens of mankind on the strong shoulders of nature's giant forces. We shall follow their investigations and rejoice in their discoveries as they push their way far into the heart of nature's mysteries. We shall apply their knowledge to the relief of suffering and the more adequate supply of human needs. They are true servants of God and humanity.

But we shall assume our own responsibility for the use of the knowledge they bring us in the more difficult quest for the secrets of human life as they bear upon the soul's eternal destiny. We do not ask the toilers in the realm of the natural sciences to tell us about the future of the soul. For this knowledge, more important than any the scientist can bring us, we turn to those who, with patient toil and trained

intellects, spend their lives in the realm of spiritual realities and forces.

At a meeting of a national gathering of one of the leading denominations in America the delegates were welcomed at the opening service with special music by the choir. It was a vested choir of forty trained singers led by the magnificent pipe organ. In the audience were a thousand delegates representing the finest intellectual and spiritual culture of the world. The closing number, and the climax, was the Hallelujah Chorus. As the music swept on to the grand climax, the large audience was profoundly moved. A hush fell on everyone present. It was a supreme moment, a moment of inspiration and intense rapture. There was a feeling, not that we were swept along on the tide of uncontrolled emotions, but that we had come to our best selves in a new revelation of our eternal and boundless destiny.

And this is not an exceptional experience. It is repeated all over the Christian world in different degrees and varying situations. This represents the very best of human nature in its best moments. How explain this experience? How interpret this fact? For it is a fact as real as any studied by scientist or philosopher. True, it is not weighed by scales or measured by tapeline or tested by mathematical formulas. The certainty of the audience as to the validity of the hopes and convictions of that hour are such as we bring to a patriot's devotion or a mother's love.

One sitting in that audience and hearing the great organ and the trained voices raise to Heaven the

Hallelujah and the ascription of praise to the "King of kings and Lord of lords" would think in some way like this: Will the King of kings and Lord of lords lift human life to these sublime heights of outreach and expectation only to dash it down to oblivion? Will God or the universe bring man through infinite toil and age-long discipline to the sublime moment when his soul reaches out for God and the endless life, only to mock him and cheat him of the dear realization of his hopes and dreams? Will God live on and remain God when prophet and seer and apostle and poet and artist and the masters of song who have praised Him lie dumb and unconscious in the voiceless dust? Are churches, sermons, anthems, prayers, sacraments, the rapture of saints, the vision of mystics, an unsubstantial dream? Was God playing a joke on that chorus and the thousand gifted men and women in that audience whose souls were deeply moved as the words and strains of the music opened to them the alluring vistas leading out to the endless ages and the fulfilment of the longings of the human spirit? And above all is the Christ to whom that church had been built no more alive than the birds that flew over his head on the shores of blue Galilee? Is this marvellous movement of Christianity, in which countless millions have believed the words, "I am the resurrection and the life" but an amusing illusion of the mind of man? And one in that audience might go further and ask: How account for the rejection of Christianity and the doubting of immortality by novelist, historian, philosopher, scientist? What

kind of a brain and heart has the man who does not see the ineffable beauty and feel the boundless power of the Christian's faith in Christ and immortality? Why should eyes be blind to such beauty, ears deaf to such melody, hearts unresponsive to the tidal flow of the infinite love?

These and similar questions, with their inevitable answers, came to the mind of the writer as he sat in that notable gathering in that wonderful hour. The fact, not the theory of immortality, rose to the mind like solid, unshakable, mighty mountain ranges. To doubt God and immortality in such a moment would be a form of insanity.

Then, from that room out on the street, under the stars, passing many homes each of which stands for the problems of birth, childhood, parenthood, struggle, age, death—it was good to believe in immortality.

Then came to the writer the conclusion that the supreme opportunity is the preaching of what is now a new message—immortality. Heaven has gone out of the pulpit in this practical age and with it the tides have been moving away from the pew. In his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Gibbon states that in the conquest of Rome by the early Christians, one of the most potent factors was the Christian's faith in immortality. He was sure of Heaven. He knew how to die. Rome was amazed at this. There is a larger empire of life to conquer now, and an empire somewhat decadent as was that of Rome. The preaching of all that is implied in Heaven will

now come to the world with irresistible force. That will now comfort and inspire even as it did in the days when Moore in his "Lalla Rookh" wrote:

> Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
> From world to luminous world, as far
> As the universe flings its flaming wall;
> Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
> And multiply each through endless years—
> One moment of Heaven is worth them all.

Now, as in the days of the Son of Man, the blessed truth that we are children of God, with the chance to win immortality, will rebuke blind passions and challenge to action all that is divine in the soul of man. Now, as then, the gracious words, "In my Father's house are many mansions" will fall as music on distressed minds and open to all vistas of the life eternal.

XV

WORK WITHOUT LABOUR

BY

Rev. Rockwell H. Potter, D.D.

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Rev. Rockwell Harmon Potter, D.D., dean of Hartford Theological Seminary since September 1, 1928, was born in Glenville, N. Y., and was minister of the Reformed Dutch Church, Flushing, N. Y., from 1890 to 1900, leaving there to accept the pastorate of Center Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn., which he held until he accepted his present position. He received the A.B. degree from Union College, N. Y., the B.D. degree from Chicago Theological Seminary, and Doctor of Divinity degree from Rutgers College. He was the Moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches during 1923–25.

XV

WORK WITHOUT LABOUR

The Blessing of the Dead

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; for their works follow with them."—Rev. 14:13.

The Book of the Revelation possesses this permanent interest for the Christian: it is the record of the experience of the Christians who first faced death. In the years before this book was written many Christians had died, but their deaths were looked upon by their followers as exceptional, and to be provided for in God's good providence by some special dispensation of His love. So they thought of Stephen who gave up his life as he bore witness to his faith, and so they thought of each Christian disciple whose life was ruthlessly taken in the persecutions, or who from natural causes in the first years of Christianity passed out of faith into sight. But after the fall of Jerusalem in the year 70, when the generation of those who had known Jesus, and even of those who had known those who had known Jesus, had well-

nigh disappeared, the Christian community, scattered in all the centres of that Mediterranean world, had need to face the fact that death would come to most, if not all. The ardent confidence in the speedy return of Jesus to the world to rescue out of the tribulations and afflictions of the earthly life those who remained faithful to Him—this was no longer tenable for these believers. Their thought of the Christian life had need to make place in itself for the fact of death. Now the Book of the Revelation is in a deep sense the experience of one who represented the Christian life and thought of his day, as this great fact pressed itself in on his mind and heart. John's visions were not simply a message to his age, they were also the expression of the experience of his age, facing the great fact of death, and, for many, the terrible fact of death in persecution.

A religious faith will be valued by humanity largely according to the adequacy and worthiness of its teaching as to the experience of death. A religious faith will live among men only when it adequately makes place for this—one of the cardinal facts of life. Whatever else life holds for you and me, it certainly holds this experience, the experience of physical death; and a faith that is to sustain us through life must be adequate to support us unto the very end of life where it merges over into this experience of death. So true is this that the ethnic faiths, and those faiths which are competitors with Christianity for the allegiance of the world, tend to make much of the

doctrine of death. In a Mohammedan's religion the Elysium of sensuous delights into which the believer is welcomed when done with his earthly life, fills the imagination and tends to become the whole of his belief. For a Buddhist the notion of absorption into the Infinite, successive stages of which are marked by the termination of the successive incarnations which he experiences—this becomes the goal and object of his thinking. It bulks so large in his theology and philosophy that those who come to it from the outside are given the impression that this is its dominant doctrine. In the less developed faiths, peculiar to the several peoples of the world, the same significant and determining place is given to their idea of death, so that he who reviews these religions gets the notion that all of them are, after all, only different philosophies which men have used with which to fortify themselves for this last supreme experience.

Christianity, on the other hand, devotes its first attention to life. Its eager, clear call is not to those who are about to die but to those who have just been born. Its messages are addressed to childhood in its simplicity and guilelessness, to youth with the tides of life rising high in the blood, to manhood with the arm strong for many tasks and with zeal enkindled for high achievement; to age, with its wisdom and counsel, directing the eyes of all that they may see in the bearing of the burden of life, in the carrying on of its cross, the goal of humanity's hopes and dreams. But Christianity has within itself place for

the idea of death. In the teaching of Jesus and in the expositions of the first Christians there is room for this supreme experience of the soul. It was natural enough that the early Christians, who heard the message of Jesus or responded to the call of the first disciples, should have slighted these words. Their misapprehension of many of Jesus' teachings led them to expect His speedy return in glory to redeem them out of the earthly life into the beatitude of the heavenly life. This so possessed their minds and hearts that they could not read His plain teachings as to the issue of life in its experience of separation from the body. Moreover, the very fascination and enthusiasm with which they laid hold of their new-found faith for life hindered their appreciation of what it might mean for them in death. Children and youth, young men and maidens, strong men and women do not easily realize for themselves the inevitableness of the experience of death. We rejoice in life; we are full of its possibilities and powers. Why should we spend time and strength, precious for life, in contemplating so remote a fact as death?

But just as to each individual there comes as the years pass, as experience after experience falls upon the soul, an increasing realization of the inevitable gateway through which the path of life must lead—as these experiences teach, moreover, the uncertainty of the hour when that gateway shall be reached, even while they teach the certainty of the fact that it will be reached—as by these experiences life learns to contemplate the fact of death—so the early Christian

Church by its repeated experiences of pain, affliction, grief, and sorrow, learned by the close of the first Christian century to face the possibility and indeed the certainty of death for every man.

Then it was that the inspired, imaginative genius of the revelator, who was, we love to think, none other than the beloved disciple himself, gave voice to the experience and inspired the hope of the believers. By the visions and winged words which are recorded for us in this mysterious book that closes our Bible he took the simple teaching of Jesus that death is not the end of life, that life reaches on and out and through eternity, and that the timeless æons of the future are in the hands of the God who is a Father of love and compassion through the moments and years of His children's earthly experience —this simple teaching he took and wrought it into such forms as could worthily fill the imagination of men who were facing death with a new and a deathless hope, as could sustain the courage and the patience of men who were facing bitter and cruel persecution that they might bear witness to the power of an endless life given them through faith in the Gospel. This is the meaning of these strange pages. It was because they thus gave voice to the increasing hopes of the early Christians, because they thus strengthened and confirmed those hopes—for this reason they were preserved sacredly. For this reason the parchments on which they were written were copied in caves and in prisons. They were read in the fearful darkness of the catacombs by the flare of uncertain

tapers. They were pondered in the cells of the great amphitheatres where men awaited the summons to those unequal contests that ended in the death of pain made bitter by scorn. They were borne over the seas from island to island and along the coasts from headland to headland, whithersoever the fleeing Christians sought refuge from the sword and chance to live their life of faith in peace. The very mystery of their symbolism was precious to these believers. The vials with their plagues and the books with their seals each could interpret for himself. The horses with their riders, the city, the river and the sea—these familiar objects of common life, clothed on these pages with language of beauty and rich suggestion—these all were food for faith and courage and hope.

Here and there on these pages were blessed words of promise and assurance, stripped clean of symbolism and spoken immediately to the soul, jewels in rich setting, and upon these the eyes of the Christians dwelt fondly, and these they cherished with love in their hearts. Such a word was this assurance "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord—they rest from their labours, their works follow with them." It is not strange that with this word they comforted one another when the sad tidings of death were borne to them. It is not strange that when they laid away their dead, with these words they lifted up their eyes from the grave to see heaven opened with hope. It is not strange that these words have wrought their way into the liturgies of the Church universal, that

before every open grave they are spoken, and that their peace rests upon every heart stricken with grief.

For the assurance of these words is first the assurance that life's major interests are not stricken out with the accident that we call death. "Their works follow with them." This is not to say that the result of labour here is to be gleaned yonder. It is not to say that harvests sown here are to be reaped there. It is not to say that the memory of effort expended here is to be a satisfaction there. It means precisely what it says: that the work of those whose service has been in the Lord is to know no cessation, it is to be continued in the life that has no end. That is, those great purposes which command the allegiance of men here, those high and holy ambitions which nerve the hands for every great work and sustain the heart for every humble, wearing task—these are not to be taken from us when we pass within the veil. We have a way of saying that a man will not die until his work is done. The truth is that when a man dies his work goes with him into another sphere. The heart of it, the meaning of it, the joy of it, these will pass with him into the kingdom of the blessed. In what form his work will reappear there we are not told. The reach of our imagination cannot compass it. But whoever here has laboured faithfully in order that he might do his honest part in the work of the world, will find that the homely, deep satisfaction, that comes from honest work honestly done, is not taken from him when he enters upon what we call rest. Whoever has laboured here at the

call of love for the aged, who gave his life for little children who trust him for support—he will find that the rewarding joy of such labour is not taken from him. It is a work which follows with him, transmuted into spiritual forms. It will be a sphere for spiritual endeavour and the spiritual results which have been a joy to him here will be a joy to him there also. Whoever has invested his life for the common good, has given of his time and his strength and his money, has spent the patient hours and the weary days to nurture into fruition careful purposes for establishing justice among men, to right ancient wrongs in the common life, to heal the old hurts and wounds of the sons of men, to establish on the earth the Kingdom of God—he will find that, released from the flesh and entering into the communion of the blessed with God himself, this work, worthy of the soul rather than of the body, has power to pass through the dark waters and to give its holy enthusiasms to the soul in the experience of life eternal, free and perfected.

The sting of death is sin, but it is also a sting of death to think that it may take from life life's glad joy in worthy service, and the gospel which takes away from death its sting in sin takes away from death also its sting in the sense of the frustration of worthy endeavour. The gospel in the vision of John declares to you that all that is worthy in your life, its spiritual part, all that is ennobling in your work, its spiritual value and results—these go with you into life everlasting. The work that you hold dear you

will never need to lay down. It is a precious seed, the care of which is a dear glad trust in your hands here. There its blossom and its fruitage will be revealed to your spiritual sight and the care and nurture of that blossom and that fruitage will be to you a privilege no less dear than the possession and care you now bestow upon the golden seed. "Their works follow with them"; therefore are they blessed.

"They rest from their labours." The sharp distinction which the words of the Greek convey is but imperfectly given by the English words which in our careless usage have come to be almost synonymous. The labour of work is its toilsome part. The work itself is its spiritual essence, its rewarding, joyous element. In life here all work is mingled thus. On the surface of it are the weariness of the flesh, the sensitiveness of the nerves, the slow step and painful movement of the mind under its burden. On its surface also are the fret, the anxiety, the care, and the worry. Here the best plans are often frustrated because the flesh is weak to effect their purpose, because wisdom is lacking to insure their success, because other hands which do not understand or do not care, fail or falter. Herein work which should be joyous becomes labour, with toil and tears. But where life passes through the golden gate which is the boundary of time, there labour is left behind and the toil and the tears cease. The fellowship of the blessed life is with the communion of those whose service never fails or falters. The weariness of the flesh with its sluggishness of mind and nerve is no more. The spiritual clothing of

the soul is such as God Himself doth please. It responds eagerly and perfectly to the motions of the spirit. It affects the will of the soul with unerring precision and so fulfils the aim and goal of every worthy purpose. The heaven that is promised is not rest from work: it is rest from labour and that means rest in work. "Blessed" are they indeed; for they have rest in their work.

It is such a clear vision of the Gospel's message which indeed gives the characteristic Christian hope. It is such a vision which gives peace even in sorrow, which draws the sting of grief, which leads the aged gently along through the fair slopes of the land of Beulah and strengthens each pilgrim as his feet touch the waters that are no longer chill. It is such a view of the reality of our Christian faith, moreover, that goes far to give rest from labour even here. The work that we accomplish with toil and tears has its value far beyond the years that come and go. It is measured not by the permanence of the material structure we build but by the worthiness of the spiritual purpose that designs it, and the moral will that perseveres to its completion. Honest work, to him who has this vision, yields its rightful joy.The labour of it, which is temporary, takes its rightful place. The hands are steadied in the doing of it. Nerves are made calm under the strain of it. When one distinguishes between the work itself which is eternal in the self-development of the soul which it affects and in the measure in which it consummates the fellowship of all souls with God—and the labour

of it, the outward form and shape of it which passes as the years pass, and in which all the worry and fret and strain and care and toil and tears of it consist—then one can labour well content. The labour is but for a season; one can work with joy for the work is to be the employment of the soul with God. There are sources of nerve-healing in this truth which our worried age most deeply needs. There are springs of enthusiasm and hope and joy here, for which the multitudes are thirsty. Let us therefore rejoice in this word of comfort and of hope, for it will not only teach us how to face the death of those that are dear to us, it will teach us how to share their lives while they are yet with us. It will not only teach us how to die; if we learn the truth, it will teach us also how to live.

XVI

WHY BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY?

BY

Rev. H. Clinton Hay

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Rev. Henry Clinton Hay, minister of the Church of the New Jerusalem, Boston, Mass., for the last twenty-five years, was born in Portland, Maine, and is a graduate of Harvard University. When a sophomore in Harvard University he organized the Young People's Society of the Swedenborgian Church which is now nation-wide; it antedates the Society of Christian Endeavor by six years. Previous to the Boston pastorate, he held pastorates in Providence, R. I., and Brocton, Mass. He is vice-president of the Greater Boston Federation of Churches. Mr. Hay is a member of a denomination which lays great stress on immortality.

XVI

WHY BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY?

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:1, 2.

THE Lord was about to lay down the life of His earthly body upon the cross. He had come into human life on earth, and passed through all of its human experiences except this last one, and now He was about to complete the series and die to show men how to pass through death, and to take to Himself power over it by rising again on the third day and resuming His life with them as their Lord and Master.

This He did to their complete satisfaction. Even doubting Thomas had an opportunity, not only to see Him, but to feel the wounds in His hands and His side. Whether he did actually feel them or not we are not told, but we are told that he had the opportunity offered to him, and that he exclaimed, "My Lord, and my God."

The disciples made the resurrection of the Lord

Jesus and His continued living presence with them the corner stone of their faith. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain," Paul said. The risen Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, is the life of the Christian religion so far as it has any life. This is the one great reason for believing in immortality. The Apostolic Church believed it, the blood of the martyrs is eloquent with this belief. In later centuries, as the Church lost the conscious, personal touch with the risen and living presence of the Lord Jesus, it grew cold and faithless, and the dark ages overtook the world. The Church could be no longer the light of the world. Wars and rumours of wars followed in so-called Christian lands. And so-called Christians not only fought bloody battles with each other, but they also conquered and exploited other races—exploited them for commercial advantage. That is not a Christian life. The Lord said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Christianity is not a dogma, or doctrine, it is a life with the Lord Jesus, the Christ, present in the unseen world, the world of inner consciousness, the world of eternal life with Him, the spiritual world in which all men are living now, for men are spiritual organisms, for a little season clothed in an outer covering, an earthly organism or body.

Harry Emerson Fosdick was chosen to deliver the Ingersoll Lecture on the Immortality of Man at Harvard University in 1927. He took for his subject "Spiritual Values and Eternal Life." He expressed the conviction that "goodness, truth, beauty, and

love are no casual by-products of a negligent universe," but rather the very essence of the real world in which we are now living, "and that death has no dominion over them or their possessors." For no mechanistic theory of the creation of the universe by a concourse of atoms following the path of least resistance can account for the Sermon on the Mount, nor for Beethoven's symphonies. "Personality, as we experimentally know it, is not a powerless, inoperative consequence of manœuvring atoms. Personality is effectively causative. Without doubt it has been built up within the scaffolding of the brain and, at least temporarily, depends upon the brain. But it transcends its original condition, it rises above the material forces of the world, it shapes them, controls them, commands even its own psychological processes to such good purposes that, from new systems of education to new means of locomotion, mind increasingly masters the world, and the boundaries of its mastery are not yet visible.

But I wish to carry this thought further and emphasize the superior and eternal value of human love. Emanuel Swedenborg tells us that love is the life of man as a spiritual being, Christian love; and that Divine Love is the very substance of God, out of which substance God creates the universe. And because man is created a spiritual organism to receive life, or love, from God, and thus is capable of being conjoined to God by love, he cannot die, he is immortal. He further teaches "that in order that man may live eternally, that which is mortal (the earthly

body) is taken away. Thus the immortal is laid bare, which is his mind, and then he becomes a spirit in human form."

Here lies the flesh that held
The spirit prisoner—
A caged thing that rebelled
Forced to sub-minister;
Broken it had to be;
To set the captive free.
—Louise Driscoll.

The human form is a form of love and wisdom and spiritual power to achieve. It is the form of which Spenser sang when he said,

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme and doth the bodie make.

The shape of the earthly body in earthly time and space is from the form of the soul. While the earthly body is taken away by death, and man is better fitted for eternal life without it, nevertheless he is not without a body, for as Paul says, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." The soul is itself the body in the spiritual world, organized in spiritual substance, and it still is in the human form, but free from the limitations of earthly time and space.

To live in a world of which love is the substance and wisdom is the form, and in which the power of

achievement is limited only by one's willingness, or capacity, to love, seems strange to us at first thought; and doubtless it will be full of adventure and of revelation of Divine ideals about to be realized; but it is after all the underlying reality of the life we are living now. For are not the ideals of the life we are trying to live now spiritual? They certainly are if they are Christian ideals—if they are ideals of truth, goodness, beauty, and love. For the truths of natural science are only a means to some human end. Goodness is a moral or spiritual, not a material, quality, as it falls into our ideals of progressive life. Even material goodness is but a means to an eternal end. And so is it with our ideals of beauty and love.

I have had friends who were professed agnostics but their ideals were full of service to humanity, full of truth and goodness, of beauty and love. They did not know God, but they worshipped truth and goodness, beauty and love. They actually exalted these qualities to the throne of God, and they were conjoined to Him in love by them without knowing it. And that love would give them immortality after the death of the earthly body although they did not expect it. Indeed, they were already living their eternal life with God by means of their faithfulness to these ideals, and after the death of the body they would go right on living it, but freed from their earthly limitations it would be made plain for them with larger opportunities of progress.

But how much better would it be for them if it

could be made plain now, if the materialistic influences which blind their eyes now could be removed, and freed from them they could know God, and see Him, and believe. If only with the poet they could sing:

> Does not heaven begin that day
> When the eager heart can say,
> "Surely God is in this place,
> I have seen Him face to face
> In the loveliness of flowers,
> In the service of the showers,
> And His voice has talked to me
> In the sunlit apple tree."
>
> —Bliss Carmen.

But better still if they could hear and understand the comforting words of the Lord to His disciples in our text, saying: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me."

For the disciples were about to lose the manifestation of God in the flesh of an earthly body, only to receive Him back again in the deeper recesses of the spirit, where with greater power He could join them to Himself in deeper and more abiding love, and give them a sweeter consciousness of their eternal life with the Father. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me," He was saying; and Philip was answering: "Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us." When the Lord replied, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

It is when we see the love, which is the life of the Father in the Son, our Lord Jesus, that we realize that He is one with the Father, and that the Father has come into human life on earth in Him to redeem and save it from a death worse than the death of the body; namely, the death of loving and living with Him. For we hear Him saying: "And this is life eternal, that they should know thee, the only true God, and him whom thou didst send, even Jesus Christ."

Immortality is for all men, for all are endowed by creation with the capacity for knowing God in our Lord Jesus Christ; but only those who choose thus to know Him by living and loving with Him are so conjoined to Him as to enter into eternal life with Him. To them He says: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many abodes: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

In my Father's heart are many abiding places. I am going to prepare you to abide in His Love, for that is life eternal.

"I shall arise!" O wavering heart,
From this take comfort and be strong!
"I shall arise"; nor always grope
In darkness, mingling right with wrong;
From tears and pain, from shades of doubt,
And wants within, that blindly call,
"I shall arise," in God's own light
Shall see the sum and truth of all.

Like children here we lisp and grope,
And till the perfect manhood, wait
At home our time, and only dream
Of that which lies beyond the gate;
God's full free universe of life,
No shadowy paradise of bliss,
No realm of unsubstantial souls,
But life, more real life than this.

—ANONYMOUS

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